Vol. LIII. R. J. C. WALKER. | No. 727 Walnut St.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1874.

TERMS | 08.00 per Annum in Advance. No. 51.

THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY.

BY E. C. B.

Let us back in the light of to-day, love, For to-morrow false fortune may frown; Let us back in the light of to-day, love, For the shadows are just coming down.

Oh, the summer flowers have perished, love, And shadows hang over the day; Oh, the dreams we fondly cherished, love, Are rapidly passing away.

Passing away like morning dreams, love, That brought a dead friend back for an hour; Passing away like summer streams, love, Away, away, like a frail autumn flower.

The blackbird chants when spring is new, love; The rivers ripple and sing as they run; The awallows come when skies are blue, love, To back in the light of the summer sun.

The dark ways drink each ray of light, love, That falls from sun, or star, or moon; So, let us bask in our day of light, love, For the shadows will come fall soon.

PERSECUTED:

A BRAVE WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY DR. CHARLES C. NORTHRUP, AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED; OR, COMP-TON'S REVENGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

BAD NEWS. The November day broke bleak and wild. I he November day broke bleak and wild.
It was time for the sun to rise, but no sun appeared. The fog only lifted from the river's banks, and the under edges of the cloud grew a shade lighter—that was all.

It was a cheerless morning of a cheerless week. Early on the last Sunday this weather set in; it was now Thursday, and yet there was no change.

ther set in; it was now Thursday, and yet there was no change.

Weary with a night of such sleeplessness and anxiety as seldom comes to any life more than two, or, perhaps, three times between its beginning and its end—as comes to some lives never at all—Jennie Bond left the chamber where her self-imposed vigil had been kept, and passed down the stairs with the irregular, uncertain steps of one who has no particular destination in view, but to whom inactivity has become longer impossible.

what do you may make the standard with a night of such deeplessmess as sellour course is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and been to easy from it. The present is beginning and he and the present is the present is beginning and he and the present is the present is a start of the present is th

made it impossible to breathe naturally or without effort.

Quickening her pace, Jennie Bond came to a side door which communicated with the garden. The large panes of stained glass, of which it was partly composed, were quite covered with moisture. Clearing one of them with her white hands, she pressed her face against it and looked out. Seen thus, the view presented an appearance sufficiently couleur de rose to invite nearer inspection, and, opening the door, she ran down the flight of low, marble steps which led to the now descrted garden.

Divested of the artificial tint, which had softened and beautified it, the scene which revealed itself was one of melancholy desolation. Nature in the last stages of decay. And as Jennie stood in the midst of a heap

tion. Nature in the last stages of decay.

And as Jennie stood in the midst of a heap And as Jennie stood in the midst of a neap of wet leaves, gazing about her with sorrow-ful eyes, a sharp gust of wind struck full against her unprotected head and shoulders, chilling her to the bone, driving her for shelter to a fanciful summer house which stood at the other end of the walk.

shelter to a fanciful summer house which stood at the other end of the walk.

Here, somewhat sheltered from the weather, she sat down, having the large and handsome house in full view.

She had contemplated it often from the same point, during the few months in which it had given her occupation and rest—the only rest which her lone soul had known for years and years! Indeed, it had been her chief delight to come to this spot when the labors of the day were ended, sit, as she was now sitting, and gaze upon that huge pile of stone and mortar, made elegant by the cunning of man; people it with imaginary forms, adorn it with imaginary forms, wave round, above and within it a net-work from her own gorgeous fancy, till it assumed an extent and magnificence of proportion as superior to its real appearof proportion as superior to its real appear-ance as is the fairy fabric of the Alhambra to the rudest and meanest of backwoods

But that was when Nature's book was



What do you mean t" cried Jennie, in sadden affright. He best upon her an inquiring look.

"We shall have better accounts or ner in a day or two, I hope."
"Better? Yes, for her, perhaps, but, good God, it makes me wild to think of it. The dear mother, how loving and patient she has been with me always. An own son could not have asked for more, and she is only a step-mother, you know."
"What do you mean?" cried Jennie, in sudden affright. "Not that there is dan-mer?"

He bent upon her an inquiring look.

seen this morning. A table, on which was an astral lamp dimly burning, stood in the centre of the apartment; the furniture, of a color like wine, looked warm and inviting; the fender had been newly brightened, the hearth freshly swept, and a bed of coal burned briskly behind the bars of the polished grate.

Coming forward to the grateful warmth:
"How is your mother, Mr. Thorne?" again asked Jeonie.
"My mother is very ill," he said, placing her a chair. He sighed deeply.
It was very uncommon to hear any thing half so doleful as a sigh from those handsome mustached lips; and Jennie, who had little sympathy, with what she had set down as a shallow superficial nature, incapable of any true feeling, was no less pleased than surprised, by his present emotion, a pleasure which she showed in the softness of her look and voice, as she said:
"We shall have better accounts of her in a day or two, I hope." here was one with whom shuffling and pre-varication would avail nothing. And yet, in spite of its rugged irregular features, and grave, even severe expression, it was a more than commonly attractive face; for you saw that it was one deserving trust and respect. And what is there in this fickle, unreliable world, one half so beautiful as that object in whatever form it be cast, which never misleads us—which in all and through all is misteads us—which in all and through all is unhesitatingly true? It was not an "open-book" face. The experience born of chill-ing years had checked the impetuosity of his nature, and set a guard before that, till the whole had become like a nicely-executed mark—so fine, so perfect, as to baffle all general henetration. Yet under that unde-Yet under that under general penetration instrutive exterior smouldered the fires of

monstrative exterior, smouldered the fires of a faith as broad, and a love as ardent as a little child's, and which needed but the one right hand to fan into brightest flame.

"Miss Bond," said this gentleman, significantly, yet with as much respect as though he were addressing one of the stately ladies of his own exclusive "set," "I hope you are not building a house upon the sand?"

Jennie was not slow to catch his meaning

ing.

"I have read the lesson, sir," she said, quietly; "and I am not likely to forget its application." Mr. Trevor looked at her with as mu

orphans; and Jennie Bond was thrown out from the anug harbor, where she had been so safely moored for the past few months, into the high seas of life; where, from ad-verse winds—or poverty of stores—or lack of a faithful pilot, so many gallant barques have gone, and are still going down, every day of every year.

It was the second morning succeeding the funeral

the funeral.

Jennie aat alone, in what had been Mrs.
Thorne's favorite sitting-room, sewing upon some mourning garment for one of her little pupils. Her dress was not less sombre than the sable fabric in her hands; her cheek was without color, and the purple rings beneath her lovely eyes, told of long nights of wakefulness, it might be of weeping.

Presently the door opened, and Mr. Trevor came in. Helping himself to a chair near Jennie;

"Miss Bond." he said "A less and Mr. Trevor came in Melping himself to a chair near Jennie;

"Miss Bond." he said "A less and Mr. Trevor came in Melping himself to a chair near Jennie;

"Miss Bond." he said "A less and Mr. Trevor said "Then I think we need not form."

ear Jennie;—
"Miss Bond," he said, "I have come to quire your plans for the future."
The abruptness of the speech startled

her.
"My plans?" she repeated, vaguely, a faint pink surging into her checks.
"Yes. Have you arranged any?" she hesitated.
"I suppose you will think me hardly business-like enough for one who is her own bread-winner," she continued, trying to mile. "But I haven't been able to decide what I shall do yet."

by, he added, with a little smile, where a surging into her checks.
"Oh, sir" cried Jennie, remarssfully, pale.
"Yes. You did not suspect it, ch? Oh, you soo less like enough for one who is her own bread-winner," she continued, trying to am Jish But I haven't been able to decide what I shall do yet."

She shook her head.

by, he added, with a little smile, where the Jennie, I know your secret?"
"My secret?" she gasped, turning deathly pale.
"Yes. You did not suspect it, ch? Oh, you haven't deceived me, with your black dress and governessing. Do you think one who had once seen her could ever forget the fair She shook her head.

She shook her head.

mile. "But I naven."
what I shall do yet."
"You have not had time; or perhaps it
"You have not had heart. Would

curiosity as his perfect good breeding would

she continued, with increased emphasis, "I am alone in the world."

There was that in her manner which might have excited suspicion in even a not uncharitable nature. So Mr. Trevor was to be pardoned the very uncomfortable doubt which crossed his mind,—the more that he resolutely banished it in a moment, and kept all expression of it out of his look or voice, saying kindly:

"That is an unfortunate position to be placed in, Miss Bond. May I ask if you would wish to continue your present situation?"

She thought a moment, but did not reply. The gentleman's brow darkened.

And, as she did not obey him, he caught her fingers in his strong, white palms, and held them fast. His touch acted like an held them fast. His touch acted like an toe floot, and her face grew crimson. This may heat to say in the most of soit, and her face grew crimson. This means them fast of soit, and her face grew crimson. This means there for saying shift parts and to foot, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit, and her face grew crimson. This continued to foot, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit and to foot, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit and to foot, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit and to foot, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit and to foot, and her face grew crimson. This touch of soit and to foot, and her face grew crimson. This could be foot of soit and to foot, and her face grew crimson. This held them fast, and the fingers in his strong, white palms and held them fast. His touch of soit and the face grew crimson. This held them fast, and the face grew crimson.

what would the world say?"

She thought a moment, but did not reply. The gentleman's brow darkened.

"Are you less wise than I gave you credit for being?" he asked, severely. "Was there, then, need for my warning last week? Bert Thorne may be the man to win a young girl's love—he may have taken means to win yours; but I, his uncle, who know him, tell you that he has no desires beyond his own anusement, and that, if you are looking—"

"Stop" It was not an entreaty—it was a command. One small hand was raised im

of its veil of mist, and the sun shone with undimmed brightness. Indeed it was more than ever gloomy, since certainty is worse than fear; and, in spite of all which philosephy has asserted and will continue to assert to the contrary, one suffers less from the mere apprehension of an evil than from its actual realization.

Mrs. Thorne was dead. The two poor children who had called her mother, were orphans; and Jennie Bond was thröwn out from the snug harbor, where she had been me to eay it, know that if I hesitated in my I covet your nephew's affection? you think I aspire to become his wife? You are mis-taken, sir; such an alliance would be no honor to me? And since you have driven me to say it, know that if I hesitated in my answer to you, it was only because I could not at that instant determine if it were wise or possible for me to continue longer in the same house with him?" And with little of the appearance of an humble dependant, she awaited the result—of the fearless self-

what I shail do yet."

"You have not had time; or perhaps it is that you have not had heart. Would you think me too officious if I were to ask the privilege of helping you to some decision?"

"No," replied Jennie, honestly, "I should be very glad."

"Have you relatives whom you would wish to visit before entering into a new engagement?"

"How you relatives whom you would wish to visit before entering into a new engagement?"

"Rou" I have not had time; or perhaps it children say."

She shook her head.

"It was my old, old, wretched pride!"

Trembling in every limb, her heart beating to suffication, Jennie sat, garing upon her tormenter with a fixed, stony stare, and a face from which every vestige of color had faded.

"You are duller than you used to be, my lady." And, bending forward in assumed by its abandon, he smiled, and carelessly to dread in it, "Are you willing to trust your children to me, Mr. Trevor? Remember,"

Trembling in every limb, her heart beating to subscation, Jennie sat, garing upon her tormenter with a fixed, stony stare, and a face from which every vestige of color had faded.

"You are duller than you used to be, my look, in a voice which had a sound of dread in it, "Are you willing to trust your children to me, Mr. Trevor? Remember,"

The mething in every limb, her heart beating to subscation, Jennie sat, garing upon her tormenter with a fixed, stony stare, and a face from which every vestige of color had faded.

"You are duller than you used to be, my look, in a face from which every vestige of color had faded.

"You are duller than you used to be, my lady."

That motion, that look—how well she reTrembling in every limb, her heart beating to with a fixed, stony stare, and a face from which every vestige of color had faded.

"You are duller than you used to be, my lady."

That motion, that look—how well she reTrembling in the every limb, her heart beating to with a fixed, stony stare, and a face from which every vestige of the faded.

"You are duller than you used to be, my lady."

The

you know nothing of me, and I have no confidence to give you."

"I have my sister's assurance of your past faithfulness, and that is all I require. Do not allow my late unfortunate expressions to tell too severely against me. That I had a momentary doubt of you, I will not attempt to deny; but you have forgiven that, I hope, and I have forgotten it. And you must believe me, when I tell you that if you wish to remain with us, I—we all—shall be most heartily glad to have you do so."

"Then I will stay," responded Jennie; "and oh, sir" she added, impulsively, "God must bless you for such wonderful goodness to a poor, lonely, friendless, desolate girl!"

Mr. Trever had risen to go while she was speaking, but he stopped to say, with more emetion than was common with him:

"I hope he will bless you, my child."

Then he went away, and the strange young creature was left to the solitude of her own tumultuous thoughts.

CHAPTER III.

BERT THORNE'S VILLAINY

BERT THORNE'S VILLAINY.

But this solitude was not destined to continue. Scarcely had the door closed upon Mr. Trevor before it opened again to give admittance to Bert Thorne.

"So, I have found you at last!" he cried. And he came and sat down upon the low foot-stool where Jennie's little foot had rested a moment before. "Pretty singing bird! Are you a busy bee as well?"

"Oh, Mr. Thorne, pray take another seat. Your uncle was here but a moment ago. If he should return——I am in my own house, and he is only my guest. (besprenner, medamoiselle, as our good neighbors the French say?"

"I comprehend, sir, that you are taking an unwarrantable liberty in speaking to me in your present tone!" And she gave him a look which would have put to rout a character less assuming than the one with which she had to deal.

He met it with a laugh.

she had to deal.

He met it with a laugh.

"Ah! don't attempt to enact Medusa, sweet one; you could never advance beyond Venue, with that face! And, for heaven's sake, stop that distracting stitching, and listen to me!"

And, as she did not obey him, be caught the face of the strong white refuse with the strong white the same and the strong white refuse with the strong white refuse with the strong white refuse white r

Jennie interrupted him.

"Spare yourself forther explanation," she said, with a sarensm more effectual than the most bitter invective. "You have made me a proposal to which a woman could have but one answer! Allow me to leave the "No! by heaven, I will not!" he cried,

"No; by heaven, I will not," he cried, tightening his grasp upon her. "You shall stay and hear me till my words teach you mercy. I love—I adore you, Jennie Borel," She gave a little shriek of pain. "You hart me, Mr. Thorne."

He instantly released his hold, showing some red, cruel marks upon the slender funcers.

fingers.
"The little beauties!" he cried, with well-simulated remorse. "What a wretch I am simulated remorse. "What a wretch I am! But that is because I am so much straid of

sing you." No seemer was Jennie thus released, than she sprang to ber feet, hoping to escape from the room. But, anticipating the movement, Thorne threw his arms about her, and forced

"I have been unjust. Miss Bond. Be generous, and let the acknowledgment make my peace. And now tell me, if you please, if you have any reason beyond that already stated for not wishing to remain longer with my little nieces."

"No; I have not."

"Then I think we need not fear losing you, as the children will leave here as soon as suitable arrabgements can be made, to reside with me, for at least some years to come, at my own home. A place, by-the-by," he added, with a little smile, "which my handsome nephew seldom takes the pains to visit."

"Oh, sir" cried Jennie, remorsefully, pale.

Heaven knows, I have been more sinned against than sinning!"

CHAPTER IV.

"EVER YOUR TRUE FRIEND"
Mr. Trevor's kitchen was in a ferment.
Most people's kitchens are in the same condition now and then, I suppose; but with
Mr. Trevor's this state was more the rule

an the exception.

Mrs. Sands, the housekeeper, had just Mrs. Sands, the housekeeper, had just discovered that the blackberry wine was soured, and the spiced pickles her special pride covered with an inch thickness of gray mould. Cook had received within the hour a letter from the "ould country," containing a long and melancholy account of the sudden death of her favorite "first cousin," and master Ricks, the errand-boy, was "coming down with the mamps." Ac-cordingly the mental mercury was very low

f still falling.
I never did see the beat in all my born.
Sands, in a high, shrill

Och, Teddy, the darlint' and shure the likes of him was nt to be found in all ould Ireland?" lamented Biddy, to a doleful ac-

compinent of sols.

"Oh—ooh—oh!" groaned master Ricks, from his snug corner by the fire, "low my

At that instant the door opened, and in bounced the parior-girl with full hands and a very red face. "Where's Tom" cried she. "The tor-

w nere's I out 'cried' she. "The tor-ment has ordered six more lumps of coal put on the parlor-fire, and I aint going to carry them up; and, Biddy, here's the cat's meat coaked too much, and the milk not boiled enough, and she wants you to go straight off Mrs. Sands, and see that Jane straight off, Mrs. Sains, and see that Jane turns over her mattress square; and Ricka, you've got to go right over to town, and get a quarter's worth of fresh sage and a box of mustard—and—and that's all, I believe." "Drat the ould spalpeen!" exclaimed the out-spoken Hilbernian, angrily. "By the bones or the saints, I wish that crathur was in surgatory."

in purgatory." mounted Mrs. Sands, with "Dear—dear," mounted Mrs. Sands, with as near approach to absolute rebellion as the ever dared allow herself to come, "she

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAINTENANCE STATURDAY EVENI

oung lady some nore continon questions; temper. "You sa su did."
That of continue are the professional overness? What tight has she to be personally continue are the professional overness? What tight has she to be personally continue are the professional over the professional are the professional over the professional are plexed, or anything but proper? No nephew, the young person is illiterate, in nephew, the young person is illiterate, intemperate and unberling; and it is enough
to draw paor. Mary Anne in horror from
the grave, to see into whose hands have
fallen her tender and unsuspecting offsprings?" And as she took a good deal of
pairs to turn her back upon the condemned
'young person" at this juncture, Jennie
considered herself dismissed, and left the
room feeling disay, depressed, and thoroughly uncomfortable.

Mr. Trevor followed her into the hall,
taking care to close the door after him.

Mr. Trever followed her into the hall, taking care to close the door after him.

"Miss Bond," he said, in his pleasant, straightforward manner, "you must not let yourself be too seriously annoyed by my aum's peculiarities. I am afraid she will not make your life here so pleasant as I could desire to have it, or as it might otherwise be; but I shall do my best to shield you from trouble of every kind, and it is not shall desire that you should remainly the proposed desire that you should remainly the proposed of the said of the s

you from trouble of every kind, and it is my special desire that you should remember at all times and under every circumstance that I am ever your true friend." It cooled her check, and brightened her eye, and quieted her pulse; it enlivened all the remaining hours of that dull winter's day. And at night, when the lights were out, and over the great house brooded a stillness like death; with the fair hair floating over the pillow, and framing a wonderful aureola round her saintly face—the white eye lids quivered—the moist crimson lips parted in a happy smile, and—"I am ever your true friend," murmured the lovely sleeper.

(To be continued in owe next.)

(To be continued in our next.)

(To be continued in our west.)
With love the heart becomes a fair and
ferrife garden, glowing with sunshine and
warm hose, and exhaling awest odors; but
without it, it is a bleak desert covered with

Show is well enough for a rich man, but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

"But not continuously. Only two or three times in all. And I do not remember ever to have seen her without her bounet and veil. That Carlyle should not have recognized her is almost beyond belief."

"It seems so, to speak of it," said Miss Corny; "but facts are facts. She was young, gay, active, when she left here, upright as a dart, her dark hair drawn from her open brow, and flowing on her neck, her checks like crimson paint, her face altogether beautiful. Madame Vine arrived here a pale, stooping woman, lame in one leg, shorter than Lady Isabel—and her figure stuffed out under those sacks of jackets. Not a bit, scarcely, of her forehead to be seen, for gray velvet and gray bands of hair; her head smothered under a close cap; large, blue, double spectacles hiding the eyes and their sides, and the threat tied up; the chin partially. The mouth was entirely altered in its character, and that upward scar, always so conspicuous, made it almost ugly. Then she had lost some of her front teeth, you know, and she lisped when she spoke. Take her for all in all, summed up Miss Carlyle, "she looked no more like the leabed who went away from here than I look like Adam. Just get your dearest friend damaged and disguised as she was, my lord, and see if you would recognize him."

The observation came home to Lord

accident, that little resemblance could be traced to his former self. In fact, his own family could not recognize him: and he used no artificial disguises. It was a case in point; and—reader!—I assure you that it is a true one.

it is a true one.

"It was the disguise that we ought to have suspected," quietly observed Mr. Carlyle. "The likeness was not sufficiently striking to cause suspicion."
"But she turned the house from that

confine yourself to interrogations, if you please; and pray," he added, with a twinkle of mirth in his handsome eyes, "ask the young lady some nore common questions; consider she is a stranger, and you perplea as we did."

"Just where yours would have been," he answered, drawing her hand into his as they stood together. They were in her dressing-room, where she was taking off her hims. "On the Wednesday evening when larger than the property of the weight of the property of

to me I should refuse credence to it."

Barbara's heart felt faint with its utter sickness, and she turned her face from the view of her husband. Her first confused thoughts were as Mr. Carlyle's had beenthat she had been living in his house with another wife. "Did you suspect her?" she breathed in a low tone.

"Barbara! Had I suspected it, should I have allowed it to go on? She implored my forgiveness for the past, and for having returned here; and I gave it to her fully. I then went to West Lynne, to telegraph for Mount Severn, and when I came back she was dead."

There was a pause. Mr. Carlyle began to perceive that his wife's face was hidden from him. "She said her heart was broken, bara, we cannot wonder at it."

ment as soon as she came into it, struck in Miss Corny. "Telling of 'neuralgic pains' that afflicted her head and face, rendering the guarding them from exposure necessary.

Bemember, Lord Mount Severn, that the wan countenance, telling of pain.

"Just where yours would have been, "Just where yours would have been, "Is a swelld."
"But not continuously. Only two or "But not continuously. Only two or three times in all. And I do not remember three times in all. And I do not remember "Certainly," returned Barbara. "Quite sight."
"Certainly," returned Barbara. "Quite precious file."
"But oh, I am so sorry! What can be done for you?" she said in touching accounts."

"Only tell me that you love me, Jessie, darling; it will soothe my pain more than anything else in the world." And then, like the great simpleton that I was, put that right arm around her, and never discovered my mistake till she sprang suddenly away.
"Wouldn't a little brandy and water do as well, Mr. Tremaine?" she asked, archly.

as well, Mr. Tremaine?" she asked, archly.
"There don't seem to be any bones broken; the injury was internal, I should think."
Wouldn't I have sold myself for a sixpence! But there was no help for it; so I had to own the trick, and went home wishing I had broken my arm or my neck, I didn't care much which. After that, for a while, I was rather shy of the love subject, for I didn't fancy hearing of my last attempt; but, one morning, however, I went over the way, resolved that the matter should be decided before I returned. Jessie was sitting by the parlor window, busily sewing, and humming some merry tune to herself as I centerd. She was looking prettier than ever; and I found it terribly sewing, and humming some merry tune to herself as I entered. She was looking prettier than ever; and I found it terribly

prettier than ever; and I round it terriby hard work to begin.

At last I broke in upon some of her care-less nonsense with, "Why in the world, Jessie, don't you say whether you love me or not? I believe you do—in fact, I know

Here I was again making a simpleton

of myself.

"Oh! you know, then, do you?" she said, coolly, with a merry twinkle in her eye. "Then of course there is no need of "No, I did not mean it, Jessie," I said.
"But do you love me? Will you answer

"But do you love me? Will you answer me, ves or no?"

"Yes or no," she answered, demurely.

"Oh, Jessie Hale!" I exclaimed, impatiently, "you will drive me crasy!"

"A terrible misfortune, surely," she said, with a laugh, throwing down her work, and stepping through the low window upon the

The answer was very low, but I allow it was in the affirmative.

"Will you become my wife next week?"

I was determined to make sure work now.

There was some hesitation, a few objections raised, but I finally gained the same

tions raised, but I finally gained the same answer to that.

Then I hurried to the drawing-room to see the old folks. There was considerable pleasure expressed at my unexpected arrival, and great surprise when my errand was made known; and a few tears and regrets from the mother at parting with Jessie, and hearty congratulations from the father, concluded by the remark, "That just as likely as not she would change her mind while changing her dress."

Not so, however. In a week I got the

Not so, however. In a week I got the prettiest, best little wife in all England; and what is better still, I think so now, even though she did say, ten minutes after the ceremony, "I never told you I loved you, after all, Will."

And she pages has to this desired.

And she never has to this day

THE LANGUAGE OF COLORS—The French hold that violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and aure sky. A bunch of violets would, therefore, tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow ray of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition, indigo, the spirit of rivalry; green, the love of change, fickleness, but also work; orange, enthusiasm; white, unity, universality; black, favoritism, the influence exerted by an individual. Certain persona have the gift of faccinating all who approach them; and black, which absorbs all the rays of the spectrum, is the reverse of white, which combines them in one. Beside the seven primitive colors, grey indicates poverty; brown, prudery; pink, modesty; silver-grey (semi-white), feeble love; lilac (semi-violet), feeble friendship; pale pink, false shame. THE LANGUAGE OF COLORS-The French

FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extrava-gant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence and invite cor-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BE CAREFUL OH, MY SON!

BY A. R. K.

You are going away from home, my son; Be careful how you're led, For we all must lie—as the ndage mys— As we have made our bed.

You carry away a boy's true beart, And a strength through love attained Oh, bring we back in its place, my see, A membered all unstained.

You are going away from home and frie From a mother's leving care— From a father's counsel wisely given— From a hearth of praise and prayer!

Going away to the gay, bright scenes.

That will fire your bounding heart—
That will tempt, porhaps, your untried fact
From the better way to part.

"Whatever we sew we shall resp," my a Be it grains or nozious weeds— Be it leurel wreaths or cypress boughs, Then scatter the goodly seeds!

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

DT J. REDGING WARR.

SATANELLA.

CHAPTER I.

A strange tale, laid in the wild Adriatic

A strange tale, laid in the wild Adriatic hills.

We are in the gardens attached to the palace of the Count Rupert, where a galaday is progressing very brilliantly.

Rich, young, handsome, but friendless, the Count, like most young nobles in his position, had endeavored to find happiness in waste and carousel; and upon the day when the reader makes his acquaintance he has nearly exhausted his vast fortune. But the songs are not any the less loud on that account, nor the laughter less ringing.

The grounds are crowded partly by the Count's interested friends, partly by his tenants, and their forest relations and friends, their sweethearts and wives.

In the midst of the nobles sat a damsel, of great but threatening beauty, who looked about her now and again as though in doubt as to what course of quoduct it would be most politic to pursue.

most politic to pursue.

Assuredly the guests enjoyed the rich food and the richer wines, not any the less because there was a probability that they could not assist there at many more enter-

could not assist there at many more enter-tainments of a similar character.
They were, in fact, praising the giver of the feast when he came amongst his visitors and thanked them for their good opinion.
"But retain your homage and your admi-ration for ladies' bright eyes and smiling lips," he added. "Take no heed of me, except to follow my example."
Thus speaking he approached the haughty beauty already mentioned, and, stooping low, kissed her hand.
If she experienced any pleasure at this flattering attention, she showed it by little outward evidence.

flattering attention, she showed it by mue outward evidence.
She barely smiled, and coldly said that "Life's golden hours should fly past in the "life's field pleasures."

"Life's golden hours should fly past in the midst of gilded pleasures."

Again he bowed, and invited her to wander through the domain, when she looked negligently at him, and carelessly taking his arm, suffered herself to be led through the smiling group of visitors.

Herr Hortensins, the Count's old tutor, shook his head, and thought how strange it was that youth could be so easily blinded by beauty—that the faults of a lovely woman were completely masked by her good looks.

oks. Here his cogitations were interrupted by the appearance of a pretty rustic girl and an elderly woman, evidently her chaperone, each carrying a handsome bouquet of homely flowers, and both of whom were "Two women, at one and the same time," he murmured; adding, in a sharp voice,

"Well, what is it?"

"Surely, Herr Hortensius," said the elder,
"you remember me—Dame Bertha? This
is Leils, the Count's foster-sister; and we
have come, each with her pretty bunch of
flowers, on the Count's birthday, to wish
him long life and happiness."

"Look about for him, good Berths, and
you will find him where the crowd is thickest, and not far from that pearl of young
persons, the Princess Stella, as we have to
call her, until she condescends to be his
Countess."

"What—my foster—man.

"Yes, who has ventured hither on your birthday to offer you these simple flowers."

"They are as pretty as you are," said Rupert. "And so you are little Leila, now grown to be a woman! I need not ask if you have a sweetheart?"

"She might have one of twenty," here struck in old Dame Bertha; "but she cares for neither, not even the one I would gladly see her accept."

"And who is that?" asked the Count.

"Karl Hoffman," said the good woman, confidentially; "he whose uncle, one of your lordship" as twards, has charge of your ruins of the old castle on the Brockenberg."

"The costie of the Brockenberg!" said

"The eastle of the Brockenberg!" said

"The assle of the Brockenberg!" said

"The part of the Brockenberg!" said

"The cost is the first and the said of the Brockenberg!" said

"The part of the Brockenberg!" said

your ruins of the old castle on the Brockenberg."

"The castle of the Brockenberg." said
the Count, in a puzzled voice. "I did not
know that I owned such a place."

"You do," said Herr Hortensius, "and
it is about the only bit of your estate you
will never sell—for the simple reason that
nobody would ever venture to buy it.
Little, my lord, do you know of the family
history. Why, it was in the turret of that
very castle, and which still stands, that your
ancestor, Count Hildebrand, sold himself to
the demon for a certain sum of money, paid
down. To this day they call it the Demon's Tower."

down. To this day they call it the Demon's Tower."

"They are at liberty to do so," said the Count, with a laugh. "But it is a more serious matter to find out why Leila here cares nothing for this Karl Hofman. Good Hortensius, see the dame well disposed, and

cares nothing for this Karl Hoffman. Good Hortensius, see the dame well disposed, and leave Leils and me to ourselves."

"We are alone," he continued, when Bertha and the old tutor had entered the mansion, "and you may confide in your foster-brother. What! downcast eves and trembling lips? I understand, my Leilayou love another. Tell me his name."

"It will never be breathed by me, dear my lord. You look strangely at me, Count Rupert, but my case is a common one; our hearts are not our own to give, and only too often we find that they are lost beyond recovery, despite our reason and our will."

gift of a brother, and with it I bestow upon you a brotherly kise."

As his lips touched her cheek, he heard a low, angry ery, and, turning, he found stella's angry, dark eyes fixed upon him.

"Have you found the bouquet? Who is the cottage-girl who has just run into the house?"

"What, slave—spirit, do you dare question my behest? Yours to obey; mine to be determ?"

"On! "What, slave—spirit, do you dare question my behest? Yours to obey; mine to be determ?"

"On! "What, slave—spirit, do you dare question my behest? Yours to obey; mine to be determ?"

"On! "What provides the figure crouching at his feet, and in a swess vokes."

"My foster-sister—one Leila."

"My foster-sister—one Leila."

"A presty pastoral performance I found
you engaged upon! But clearly understand
that our engagement is at an end!"

"Bah! you make the notice I have taken
of an old playfellow of my childhood's
days a mere present for an act upon which
you had previously determined! You
think I am half suined!"

"I know it!"

"I know it!"
"You shall have no doubt upon the point

"I know it?"

"You shall have no doubt upon the point before the day has passed!"
Rash, careless, yet ever honest, Count Rupert became suddenly reckless upon hearing the Princess' words.

No doubt, it resds most improbable that two or three hasty words, uttered by a woman, should cause a man to become utterly reckless. Like all who risk their fortunes upon the hanard of the die, Rupert had ever at his elbow rascals (noblemen by title, many of them,) at all times ready to take advantage of his weaker moments.

That day's work was, for the Count, a catastrophe. The gaming once commenced, he risked blindly, madly, all he was worth—treasure, castles, lands, forests. He played as though he was possessed, and not any the less recklessly, as now and again he glanced at the mocking face of the Princess Stella. Perchance, had he bestowed one more look upon the pleading face of his foster-sister, who, being then present, suffered deeply as she saw him lose time after time, Rupert had been saved.

It was the old story over again. When he had lost all, when convinced that he had been cheated, he drew his sword upon the false friends. They turned in a body upon him, and drove him out from the domain, of which, but a little while before, he was masster.

Of all his wealth, only the Demon's

of which, we will be now a serious of all his wealth, only the Demon's Tower, and the ruins which surrounded it, could be call his own.

CHAPTER II. THE DEMON'S TOWER.

THE DEMON'S TOWER.

The chief room of the so-called Demon's Tower, the only solid part remaining of the old Castle of the Brockenberg, had the appearance of being a library, as far as shelves and bookcases could prove it such a place. Few books, however, were to be seen in the dusty and moddering place; and at once the eye of an intruder drifted to a strange piece of tapestry over the old fireplace. It represented an ancient knight, of strange aspect, and near him a bowing page, whose countenance was strangely marked.

Linon the exemps of the day when Count

page, whose countenance was strangely marked.

Upon the evening of the day when Count Rupert lost the remainder of his fortune, the summer weather suddenly changed, and a terrible and savage storm swept over the grounds in which the fets had taken place, coming from the direction in which the Demon's Tower was to be found.

The storm was at its height when the door of the great room in that same Demon's Tower was slowly opened, and a pleasant, simple-looking lad entered, carrying a lamp, and looking cautiously about him.

"I am glad," he thought, "that Dame Bertha and Leila got home before this storm began. They seemed in a sad way when they gave me the message. Why should my lord come here to pass the night—here, where the demon needlework hangs on the wall?"

Very pale looked Count Rupert, as he entered the room, followed by Hortensius; for no man, however he may fall, is left quite friendless, if in his life he has been kind and willing to help his fellow-man.

"Tis but a dingy alode, this last of my belongings," said the Count, laughing, as he looked about him. "Why, what's this over the hearth?"

"It represents my lord your ancester."

have come, each with her pretty bunch of flowers, on the Count's birthday, to wish him long life and happiness."

"Look about for him, good Bertha, and you will find him where the crowd is thickest, and not far from that pearl of young persons, the Princess Stella, as we have to call her, until she condescends to be his Countess."

"His Countess!" said pretty Leila, in a sad voice. "Then all my hopes are shattered."

"Thereupon she uttered a faint cry, as alto left the room, and addressing the tutor; but it has the advantage of quietude, which is pleasant, after the wrangle with spleasant, after the wrangle with yold friends. I was in the wrong, and I deserved what I got—to have my aword wrenched from my right hand, and my Stella, angry beyond measure that she has lost her bouquet; quick, and find me the flowers! Why," he added, as his eyes fell upon Leila, "what charming rustic Venus have we here?"

"Have you quite forgotten little Leila."

"Have you quite forgotten little Leila."

"Have you quite forgotten little Leila."

"Yes, who has ventured hither on your birthday to offer you these simple flowers."

"They are as pretty as you are," said Rarl Hoffman, "Why, what's this over the hearth?"

"It represents, my lord, your ancestor," and Karl Hoffman, "as he appeared when making a compact with the demon!"

"My ancestor appears to me to have been but a poor-looking man. I should prefer to set eyes upon something in the way of supper—what you will, my good Karl. A musty fout a por-looking man. I should prefer to set eyes upon something in the way of supper—what you will, my good Karl. A musty fout a por-looking man. I should prefer to set eyes upon something in the way of supper—what you will, my good Karl. A musty fout the page I cease to play; all of woman will find me way of supper—what you will, my good Karl. A musty fout the page I cease to play; all of woman will repeat the page I cease to play; all of woman will repeat the money."

My ancestor appears to me to have a lovely form, clad in a strange. find ka

He opened the book, and after searching for some time, he read:

"The King of the demon world is named Arimanes, and he may be evoked by uttering the following words: 'Miriam, Manasses, Eurothas."—care being taken to extend the hand towards the east."

He hesitated—then stood erect—stretched forth his right hand to the east—uttered the three magic words, "Miriam, Manasses, Eurothas."

He heard a terrific, seething noise; the

the three magic words, "Miriam, Manasses, Eurothas."

He heard a terrific, seething noise; the thunder increased in anger; the lightning as became whiter and more intense; and then, as he uttered the willful word, "Appearanges appear!" he felt the ground rock under him, and he fell forward on his face.

The tapestry changed—grew bright, gleaming, and then the figures moved. The knight became a demon of terrible aspect; and a figure, in a woman's robe, the face.

Slowly the figures glide to the floor. The demon speaks:

"What daring mortal has pronounced my name?"

He looks about him, and his eyes fall upon the senseless Rupert.

"Her behold one of these provides as the count, crying, "My lord, your bride, the fair Leila, has been carried off by pirates. See!" he continued, pointing, "the ship is even now out a sea."

As he spoke, flames leaped up about the false bride, and her form sank into the earth, her eyes fixed to the last upon the eyes moodily seeking the ground.

"I trust, master, that you are satisfied with me?" said Stamella, approaching.

"How could I be otherwise? You have brought me back my fortune."

"And your friends have naturally followed your fortune," answered the page.

"But I know the price I am to pay," said the Count, gravely.

"Tis a long time before navment at the towards the Count, my lord, your bride, the fair Leila, has been carried off by pirates. See!" he continued, pointing, "the ship is even now out a sea."

As he spoke, flames leaped up about the false bride, and her form sank into the earth, her eyes fixed to the last upon the event have a woman's robe, the face became gentle ex
"Her lamest towards the Count, crying, "My lord, my lord, your bride, the fair Leila, has been carried off by pirates. See!" he continued, pointing, "the ship is even now out a sea."

As he spoke, flames leaped up about the false bride, and her form sank into the earth, her eyes fixed to the last upon the exhiption of the pirates.

"How could be otherwise? You have brided to the pirates."

"How could

"What daring mortal has pronounced my name."

"It will never be breathed by me, dear my lord. You look strangely at me, Count Rupert, but my case is a common one; our hearts are not our own to give, and only too often we find that they are lost beyond recovery, despite our reason and our will."

The Count laughed lightly, and said:
"You are quite a philocopher—but, I warrant me, he will soon discover his mistake, and will love you as deeply as you do him. You are not too proud, I hope, to take this riag—may, I command. It is the "Command me, master, and I do obey!"

"What daring mortal has pronounced my name?"
He looks about him, and his eyes fall upon the senseless Rupert.
"Here behold one of those mortal creatures. He would rule me, and he quaits even at my very coming? He can command my presence, and my coming doth cast him down! He has dared, and he shall serve! Thou slave, crouching at my feet, be the task yours to destroy, and make this human mortal humble as thyself?"

"Command me, master, and I do obey!"

so brave?"

"What, slave—spirit, do you dare question my behest? Yours to obey; mine to destroy? Go? with woman's heart and wily tongue, appear to him as you have of old to mortal men—a willing and obedient

old to mortal men page?"

He touched the robe of Satanella, and she appeared clothed as in the tapestry. "Obey?"

The page knelt near the Count's prostrate

The page knett near the count's prostrate form, and, as this was done, Arimanes faded into the night; the tapestry again became shadowed, and the room, but for the presence of the page, was as it had appeared before the invocation.

Slowly the Count regained his senses; stood up; looked about him, and started to see the stranger.

"Who are you—what has happened?"
"You should know—you summoned

ne!"
"What! are you—"
"Oh, yee! I am not so black as I am
ainted!"
"Ah, appearances are often deceitful!"
"Pray, what can I do for you?" asked

"Pray, what can I do for you?" asked the page.

By this time, the Count had recovered his natural audacity.
"I am so hungry, good page, that my greatest want, at the present moment, ap-pears to be supper."
"Supper be it?"
Need it be said that the repast was there in a moment, and that it was a very good one?

me?

"A hungry man needs no warning before well-spread table," said the Count, seating

himself.

And, at that moment, Herr Hortensius put his head in at the door. His amazement may be imagined—it cannot be described.

"Here is a meal fit for a marriage-feast!"

"Here is a meal fit for a marriage-feast?"
he stammered.
"Ha, there you are, good tutor! Sit
down, and bear me company."
But the old pedagogue hesitated. The
flosh was weak; but his suspicion was
strong. However, he sat down, as he
thought, by his own will; he did not remark that the new-comer, the page, raised
his hands, and motioned the old pedagogue
to a sent.

to a sent.
"Here's your health?" cried the Count.

"Here's your health?" cried the Count.
"Thank you; I hope it will not suffer on
the result of this feast."
"Not it?" cried the Count. "Egad, this
page of mine is a fine-looking fellow! and
if ever I meet a woman like him......"
"She would win your heart?" asked

Satanella.

"I believe," cried the Count, "she might claim my soul!"

"I am glad of that," said the page, smit-ing him gently on the shoulder.

"Let us drink to our young friend here,"

eried the Count,
"What! I drink to the demon? Never?"

"What! I drink to the demon? Never?"
exclaimed the tutor.

"Nay, I will, and sing, too," cried the Count, who began at once to carol:

"When fortune frowns, and friends for-sake, and faith in love is dead; when man has nothing left to stake, to hope nor yet to dread; one brilliant pleasure may remain, worth all the joy then lost—the glorious vintage of champagne, to drink at others' cost. Let life's best song have for refrain, this glorious vintage of champagne."

"Come, Hortensius," he cried, "join in the chorus. What! asleep? Poor man! So, pretty page, join you in the chorus. Why, where is he? The youth has vanished."

ished."

A strange, mystic music now swept through the air, and at once it caused the Count to experience a strange desire to sleep. It was in vain that he conquered this tendency, and in a few minutes be fell heavily into a chair, and became motionless

less.

A strange sight was then to be seen.

A strange sight was then to be seen.

Where the page had vanished, there appeared a beautiful woman, with his features, his voice—a lovely form, clad in a strange, fairy clothing, like nothing seen upon our every-day earth.

again."
In answer to his words, the air once again struck upon his sense of hearing, but he could see no form, nor divine whence came All he knew for certain was that the sweet melody was sounding in his

CHAPTER III.

BICHES.

The scene is changed. It is a magnifi-cent hall, opening upon a picturesque gar-den, and the demon-page Satanella may be seen leaning passively against a column. Her face is shaded, and its expression one

of deep dejection.

"I have fallen over the precipice to which I was to have attracted him," she thought. "As Satanella, in female form, I was to have destroyed him by the power of love, and I myself am crushed by the love I have for him; while he himself loves another."

"I dare not speak first of love," thought Satanella, "or I destroy him."

"I must dispel these fancies," cried the Count. "I must devote myself to a living. breathing woman."

"The princess Stella, for instance," cried Satanella; "a charming human mortal. Why, Count, I will make her own that she despises you, although she is even now about here, having journeyed hither to declare that she has never ceased to love you. I ake this cap," she continued, presenting the head-covering she held in her hand, though whence it came the Count did not observe. "When you hold it in your hand, she will speak falsely; when you wear it you shall hear the truth."

"I accept your offer," said the Count, seizing the cap; and here Herr Horiensian hurried in, saying, "My lord, here comes visiting that crocodile, the Princess Stella."

"You see, I spoke truly," said Satanella. The false woman entered the room with downcast eves, with pensive air, and said, a low voice, "I am leaving friends and home, Count Rupert; but before I exile myself, I desire to be forgiven by you for what must have appeared my insane behavior. I have no excuse to make, but only seek your pardon, and to ask you to say good-bye."

"So sad! her eyes downcast!" thought Rupert. "There is a cry, the slave tuttered, the one "Leila" the other "Rupert!" and, with outstretched arms, are running to each other, when a first prince when fire charactery in the other "Ruperts is mine. So son as market opens, you can buy."

There is a cry, the slave tuttered, which other "Leila" the other "Ruperts" and, with outstretched arms, are running to each other, when a first prince of the more running to each other, when a first prince of the more running to each other. Leila:

A terrible scene of competition now ensemble the moment his eyes fell upon the fair-haired Leila.

A terrible scene of competition now ensemble the moment his eyes fell upon the fair-haired Leila.

The false woman entered the room with downcast eyes, with pensive air, and said, the half upon his arm, as Bracch

good-bye."
"So sad! her eyes downcast?" thought
Rupert. "There is truth in her every syl-lable. This grief can surely not deceive?"
"Put on the hat, Count," whispered the

page. He did so, and in a moment the young He did so, and in a moment use young Princess was laughing hugely.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Not even misforfortune reads this fool a lesson. It is impossible for him to see that I have come to say adieu in the hope that he will ask me to remain."

aion, the Princess Stella was not asked to stay for life at the castle; and the Count thanked gratefully his page, when this strange attendant whispered lowly, "You owe it to me that you have been saved from a totally heartless and designing woman."

PLOTA

The sea is beating heavily on the coast, as though desirous of reaching the piratical crew who have just reached shore, after anchoring their bark in a natural harbor near the spot at which they are gathered, looking about them for anything in the shape of a prize.

ing about them for anything in the shape of a prize.

"On shore once again," said the leader, one Bracachio; "and 'tis a visit to be turned to account. Hark! a step! Let us lie by, and see what comes of it."

The footsteps belonged to no more formidable person than honest, love-worn Karl.

midable person than Karl.

It is needless to tell how, in his desperate mood, he was easily induced to join the pirate crew, or how this weak, sad, lovelorn youth readily listened to a proposal to carry off his sweetheart from the cottage in which she had lived many years with Dame Bostha.

Bertha, It is to this very cottage that the reade Bertia.

It is to this very cottage that the reader must, in imagination, wing his way. It is situated near a little wayside chapel, and so near the sea that the sound of the beating waves may readily be heard.

Near this cottage creeps Satanella, now desperate in her love for Rupert. She is still watching the cottage, when a quick step approaches, and the Princess Stella, closely veiled, smites the page on the shoulder.

"I see you have obeyed me, Sir Page."

"I am only too proud to be able humbly to obey you."

"I desire you to inform the Count that I forgive him, and that I am still ready to become his wife."

"Twoul? be useless humiliation, lady; for here is the chapel, and there, in that cottage, is the bride, and within half-amhour here will come the bridegroom, who is Count Rupert."

"A rival! I would that I could set these eyes upon her."

"You shall." said Satanella; and, waving

have anticipated that the tables were turned upon Stella by Satanella, who, approaching Bracachio, asked, "How much gave you the lady to carry off the maiden?" Being told, the page replied, "Here is double to carry off the lady herself."

Then a terrible thought entered the brain of the demon page. She revolved to personate Leila, and for that purpose she entered the cutters.

when the Count, emerging from the chapel, hurried to the cottage-door, he saw the white form of his bride standing on the threshold. She took his hand, and as the Count's friends came trooping to the place of meeting, she moved towards the chapel.

Then once again, the thunder roared, a

Then, once again, the thunder roared, a sudden crash seemed to swoop upon the as-sembled guests, and the next moment, with a terrible cry, the bride fell upon the

ground,
The Count tearing away the concealing
bridal veil, recognized the features of Sata-

It is the slave market at Tunis, and the open place is strangely alive in the midst of the tropical sunlight, for a cargo of slaves has arrived, and it is whispered that two or three beautiful women are to be sold, and that the Vizier is to be present.

Now approach, dressed in flowing Greek

that the Vizier is to be present.

Now approach, dressed in flowing Greek cotumes, but with familiar faces, Count Rupert, Herr Hortensius, and the love-sick youth, Karl.

They start and show much agitation as one of the slawe-owners, named Bracachio, comes forward, followed by a figure, whose face he inveils.

face he unveils

stranger.
"You here?" cried Rupert—"you, my

"Fow here?" cried Rupert—"you, my demon page?"
"Sign this compact, and she is safe."
"Sign this compact, and she is safe."
Statanella had been compelled to appear before Arimanes. She was now once again permitted to appear upon earth, as the result of her promise to conquer her love and enthrall the soul of the Count Rupert.

The temptation was equally terrible and irresistible. In a few moments he had drawn blood from his arm, and signed the compact.

drawn blood from his arm, and signed the compact.

Thereupon Satanella threw off her bernous, and appeared as a beautiful woman in Oriental costume.

She began singing a strange Eastern song, and as her voice rose, the Visier turned and contemplated her. A few moments, and he had completely forgotten the existence of Leila. Ere the song was suided, the grand officer was kneeling at the feet of Satanella. The temptress smiled, and pointed to Leila.

"I permit no rival," she said, in a soft

"I permit no rival," she said, in a soft voice.

"She is free," whispered the Visier, mo-tioning his slaves to place the caskets of jewels they were carrying at Leila's feet; and as these actions took place, Leila and Rupert were once more in each other's arms.

ms. But he was not ungracious enough to for But he was not ungracious enough to for-get his debt of gratitude to Satanella.

"I thank you with my life, good friend?"

"You should do so," replied Satanella.

"No thanks; but speed away. Remember, we shall meet on reckoning day."

CHAPTER VI

THE WORTH OF REPENTANCE.

THE WORTH OF REFERTANCE.

We are once again in the Demon's Tower, where Rupert is waiting the arrival of Leila, who very specdily makes her appearance, accompanied by Herr Hortensius.

"Ah, Leila!" says Rupert, "at length the hour is come when I shall call you mine! We have loved through difficulty and dangers, and we are at last rewarded. At midnight we are to be married, and even as I speak, the bell sounds the hour."

But, as the bell ceases, there is a threatening sound in the air, and suddenly a form stands between them, and raises the veit covering the face.

"The fiend!" cries Rupert.

"You called me friend at Tunis; but it matters little. I am here because the thirty days are past. Look on this pact; the terms are very plain!"

"How have "wronged you?" he saked.

less life and happiness! cidly towards the empyrean, saved from endless death by love preserved for cease-

Making Love.—There is no such pro-cess as soding love. The article cannot be manufactured. It is the spontaneous growth of the heart. Or rather it springs from a spiritual seed planted in a warm material soil, and is half a passion-flower and half a heavenly exotic. As the soul survives the heavenly exotic. As the soul survives the body, so the divine essence of love survives its passional instinct. This is always the case where the sentiment is genuine. But, unfortunately, sourious love is as common as spirious money, and as frequently passes current. Many, men, facet, themselves Many men fancy then current. Many men fancy themselves deeply in love, who have not the slightest idea of what the feeling, in its purity and plenitude, really is. Such persons mistake mere passion for affection. Their love, as they call it, lacks the divine leaven. It is coarse, selfish, unregulated, and being wholly "of the earth, earthy," is sure to be epheronal. No true woman was ever made permeral. meral. No true woman was ever mane per-manently happy by such love as this; but, alas! how many place faith in it, and after giving in exchange for it all the wealth of their hearts, find too late that they have made a blind and thriftless bargain.

____ BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.-It is crue BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.—It is cruel and cowardly in any man to speak to the woman under his own roof in a manner that would forever disgrace him, if heard under any other. And yet how many do it, alas' and even go their ways after it, selfashly forgetting the tears and the bitterness they have caused, and selfashly expecting, if they remember it at all, that on their return the domestic sky will be without a cloud. More the pity when it is! Then, indeed, is there danger in the air; for then too often comes deceit, and hypocrisy, and indifference.

REVENIE

THE AUTOHOGRAPHY OF EDWARD WORTLEY MORTAGE, with a Prefixe by R. SHELTON MACKENSKE, LL.D. Some of the most celebrated men and women of England, during the reign of George the First, are introduced into this work, and life-like portraits given of them by one who knew them, well, and who describes them as he found them. Published by T. B. Peterson A Brothers, Philadelphia.

From W. B. Zieber, 921 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, we have received the American editions of the following foreign periodicals, reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York:

The Westminster Review, for April, 1874.
The British Quarterly Review, for April, 1874.

1874. The London Quarterly Review, for April, 1874.

1874.
The Edinburgh Review, for April, 1874.
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for
May, 1874.
We have also received from T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, the following:

mon & Bros., Philadelphis, the following:

The Brigand; or, the Demon of the
North. By Victor Huoo, author of "Les
Miserables," "Ninety-three," etc.; and
MARTIR, the Foundling, or the Adventures of a Valet-de-Chambre, full of large
illustrations. By Eugene Sue, author of
"The Wandering Jew," "The Mysteries of
Paris," etc.

COOKERY IN THE OLDEN TIMES

We do not intend to speak of the times when the entremets of chivalry formed one of the principal features of a feast,—when the wine, ale and ypocras were measured by turn; the wheat by quarters; and the exem, wild bulls, porks, muttons, &c., by hundreds, as at the great entertainment eight he have he wild builts, poras, muttons, &c., by hundreds, as at the great entertainment given by Archbishop Neville, in the time of Edward IV. We shall not examine the state of the culti-ary art at so remote a period as that, but at the no more removed distance than the seventeenth century.

The habits of the middle ages continued will be presented to the continued ages.

enteenth century.

The habits of the middle ages continued still to pussess some influence—the quantity, the variety and the quality of the food were yet remarkable. "Porpoises and seals," wild boars dressed whole, elephantine masses of beef, entire gammons of bacon, "peacocks," (whose sauce was "wine and salt,") herons, hedgehops, leaches, and other incongruous and unsattractive dainties, figured on the board. The curious reader may, on this point, consult with advantage "A proper new Booke of Cookery," printed in 1675. It would be matter for curious speculation to inquire whether this work were the rude success, Niskapeare might, like his own Macheth, have "supp'd full of horrors," and Jonson—the rare Ben Jonson—have gleaned from the bill of fire the "calver'd salmon," the "beards of barbels," the "salads of oil'd mushrooms," and all the other dainty dishes on which Sir Epicure Mammon dwells so approvingly.

The terms of carring alone afford us an

mushrooms," and all the other dainty dishes on which Sir Epicure Mammon dwells so approvingly.

The terms of carving alone afford us an abstract of the meats which were most esteemed. Take, for instance, the following: "Disfigure that peaceache;" "Undertench the porpuse;" "spaul that hen;" "Break the deer;" "Side the haddock;" and "Sift that swan." More genuine delicacies were, however, admitted, as in the directions to "Chine a salmon," "Sance a capon," "Barb a lobster," "Tame a crab," "Rear a goose," "Tire an egg," "Mince a plover," "Allay a pheasant," "Embrace a mallard," and "Unlace a coney."

A dinner, in the reign of Charles the First, consisted of, imprimis, "A soupe of snayles, a powdered goose, a joll of salmon, and a dish of green fish buttered, with eggs." This was a first course. Then came "A Lombard pye, a cow's udder roasted, a grand boyled meat, a hedgelog pudding, a rabbit stuffed with oysters, Polonian sausages, a mallard with cabbedge, and a pair of boyled coeks." To these succeeded "A spinage-tart, a carbonaded hen, a pye of aloes, eggs in moonshine, christial jelly, jumballs, quidany, bragget, and wallnut suckets." Ale, surfeit-water, Canary, sack, and Gascony wires, served to moisten this heterogeneous repast.

False Hearte,—People often speak of

"I desire you to inform the Count that I forgive him, and that I am still ready to be to mee his wife."

"Twould be useless humiliation, lady for here is the chapel, and there, in that cottage, is the bride, and within halfand to the series of the ready of the read

But, after all, people are cross or more from the promptings of instinct than from any reasoning on the advantages of the other. The serpent stings the bosom that warms in the country of the other. him, because he is a serpent. On the other hand, the little untutored child who took hand, the little untufored child who took off his own coat and spread it over his still younger brother when the two were perish-ing together of cold in the woods, was prompted by no reasoning—by no consider-ation of advantage to himself—but by the irresistible impulse of a pure and noble heart. Such examples, though rare, are sufficient to make the whole of this dark sufficient to make the whole of this dark

world brighter. WE seek to judge those only whom we re gard not; all connected with those we love is held sacred; to endeavor to penetrate into their characters or intentions would seem a profanation.

Fraud Loves a Shining Mark.

A great medicine is always a target for fraud Shallow cheats without the talent to originate any-thing useful, or the decency to permit an article of superior excellence to perform its museion, without striving to turn a dishonest penny by attempting to substitute track in its place, are now engaged in in tating and counterfeiting Hostetter's St. tating and counterfeiting Musicatter's Stomach litters, the most popular tonic and restorative in the rivi-ised world. A brood of local butters, maximes of damaged drugs with worse input, has cropped out all over the country. Although the sales of these perticions slope are too insignificant to affect the interests of a staple remedy, it seems a duty to warn the public against them. The color of the true spe-cific may be simulated, but its cures of dyspepsia.

Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. Kuwana, No. 200 N. Ninth street, Philadelphia. Sent, Pia, Stomach Worms also removed.



-flingto copies \$5.00 per account, fear cop-00, which is \$5.50 per lupy. Nine copies from for \$50.00, and an additional copy PASS (consisting that ascents at one time. REMITTARCES.—To prevent loss of money one; small resultances should be made, if possible, to O. Ordere, or in Drafts or Checks, payable to the day of the preprietor.

of the proprietors

BTAGE to any part of the United States is only
p counts a year, or few counts a quarter, payable
of counts a year, or few counts a quarter, payable
from most result twendy counts in addition to the
original propagation of the propagation of the
property of the American posture
p-The Francisco herefulness offered to overy yearly
getter of existence a copp of a Chrosmo, or a Stead

subscriber of either a copy of a Chromic, or State Engraving, will be faithfully carried out. These on cribed to it must always result 30 cents, if the Chromo is desired seconds of card board.

R. J. C. WALKER, Proprietor, 727 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA

Saturday Evening, July 18, 1874.

CUSTOM

If "conscience does make cowards of us all," as Hamlet tells us, certain it is that many of the miseries of human life are largely increased by our cowardly submission to the tyrant, Custom. The philosopher believes that our ills are few indeed, which laws cannot cause or cure; but he does not venture to include Custom. The necessity of doing the usual thing-that is, of following the precedents laid down by the great society, adds very much to those evils to which flesh is heir. The dull man makes a great point of fully attiring himself suit of black broadcloth, in order to dine with fourteen other men upon a hot mideummer night, and yet two-thirds of all those present (taking a generous average) are sensible persons, and notwithstanding their personal discipline, have to de the like. It takes a man of genius resolutely to refuse to put himself to this inconvenience, even where only men are concerned.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

There is a well-known story of a Dutch boy who, when a small stream began to dribble through a little hole in the dyke, stopped it up with his finger until better means came, and so prevented the inunda-tion, which else would have broken down the barriers and swept over the country in universal desolation and disaster. This was one of the small beginnings of things, so easy to arrest in the outset, so difficult any, impossible to overcome when once the barriers have been forced and the floods suffered to pour forth. And we are all able, like the Dutch lad, to stop up the primary hole through which the fatal drops are be-ginning to trickle, if only we pay attention There is a well-known story of a Dutch hole through which the fatal drops are beginning to trickle, if only we pay attention to the warning, and take care to prevent the terrible end while we can. But it unfortunately happens that presence of mind is not always ready at the proper moment; or if it is, in fact, it is not directed to the channel it should be bent upon; and hence the opportunity is lost, never to be recalled. There is not one person now reading these words who is not conscious for his or her own part of the present tyranny of habits, one or more, which once could have been

own part of the present tyranny of habits, one or more, which once could have been checked as easily as the Dutch boy etopped the deluge of waters. Now, not the hands of many strong men could hold back what the little finger of a had would once have been sufficient to overcome. Lives have been wasted, families have been ruined, interest neglected, duties ascrifted, all for the arbitrary requirements of habit. No man gets up one morning a full-blown drunkard, a confirmed gambler, an irredeemable secundrel anyhow. He begins, then he goes on, and then he gets fixed and confirmed, at the end, if you will, he is immovable; but in the beginning he and his habits were plastic, and the latter were weak and might have been crushed like a weak and might have been crushed like a newly hatched croscodile, if only he would have set his heel on them. We may be sure that the small beginnings of all things have to be most carefully considered, and their growth guarded against if that growth would be an evil.

But I thought you were going to say. But I have granted myself a temporary holder to—"instead of running wild about the country, you were going to say. But I have granted myself a temporary holder to—"bhaw, I can't tell you about it here; come up to my reson, and we'll have a chat."

The delightful little improvius upper and the two gentlemen were sno-

REJECTED GEMS

It is a matter of history that some of the It is a matter of history that some of the finest poetry ever written has had a narrow escape from the "limbo of things loss on earth." The greatest poet that ever lived came within an ace of being the "mair, replectors Mitton." for his almost divine epic found little favor with the booksellers of his day, and was finally sold for about the rows, which, a frequency of the resthe sum which a first-class poet of the presthe sum which a first-class jeet of the pres-ent day would expect for a poem of forty or fifty lines. In that day, as in ours, every leading publishing-house "kept a critic," on whose decision the fate of an author's manuscript depended; and then, as now, the "readers" of such establishments sometimes made terrible mistakes.

times made terrible mistakes.

It is our deriberate opinion that had the "Paradise Lost" been submitted to certain regularly employed craises of the present time, instead of the Grub street gentlemen of the Seventeenth Century, it would have been pronounced, as of yore, a "dull and tedious production." Hyron, as we all know, was mercilessly smubbed by the literary Jupiter of the Edinburgh Review; and the Rev. Charles Wolfe's exquisite "Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore," was so scorafully rejected by a leading periodical of the time, that the author, in sending it to a previncial Irish newspaper, timidly withheld his name, lest he should be easterized by the press.

TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW.

The delicate fragrance of hot-house flowers floated through the half-lighted parlors
like reminiscenous of the "sweet south, breathing upon a bank of violets," although the
matter-of-fact almanach stolidly persisted in
pointing out December as the month, and
the thermometer without stood uncomfortably near sero. But the vases on either
side of the fireplace were filled with roses
and heliotrope, fresh from the tropic
warmth of conservatories, and a single dazling japunica, gleanned, like carved pearl,
among the jetty folds of Ella Wardlaw's
halt, as she stood smiling, listening to the
regretful farewells of him whom the world
called her lover.

"Good-bye, Ella; I shall come again led her lover. 'Guod-bye, Ella; I shall come again

Miss Wardlaw's heart throbbed high.

wery soon."

Miss Wardlaw's heart throbbed high. Charles Forrest had never before called her "Ells," and she felt triumphantly conscious that her proud beauty had very nearly brought him to the "proposing point." One or two more such vigorous sieges, and the fortress would be her own.

She sank, vawning, on a sofa, as the front door closed behind her lover, and clasped her white hands carelessly over her head, the crimson lips apart, and the veined lies drooping over eyes that were full of smothered fire—the very impersonation of a lovely syrren, whose vocation it was to conquer hearts by the score, and carry them about with her, as trophies of her coquette lures!

"Mrs. Charles Forrest," he repeated to herself —"that doesn't sound so very badly, does it? particularly as the aforesaid Mrs. Charles Forrest will step into a mansion, a carriage, and a perfect carcanet of family diamonds! Yes,! believe he is safely untrapped, and if! play my cards as well as I can do, the matter will be settled within three days! Heigho! this husband-hunting is a wearisome business, after all; and rather hazardons, unless one is rever skilfed. That three days! Heigho! this husband-hunting is a wearisome business, after all; and rather hazardous, unless one is very skifful. That reminds me," she added, starting auddenly up, and throwing off her soft languor as one might lay aside a useless garment, "I must write to Ralph Thornby to night. If the love-stricken wretch should fulfil his hinted intimation of coming to see me, it might possibly be awkward. Poor, dear Kalph" continued the beauty with curling lin, as possibly be awkward. Poor, dear Kalph" continued the beauty, with curling lip, as she opened her dainty writing-desk, and selected a sheet of rose-colored paper, redo-lent of some faint Parisian perfume,—"what a gallant he was." I really liked the hand-some boy, but Charles Forrest is rich, and that must decide matters, for such an extravagant little body as I am can't live without money. I am sorry, though, that I wrote Kalph that evey sentimental letter, but that was when I supposed he was the best investment I could make of my precious self. But I'll sprinkle cold water on the flame of his love, before the affair becomes any more serious. I wonder," pursued Ella, bring the end of her pen thoughtfully, "whether I must leave off flirting when I'm married to Charles. I do like this driving three or four lovers in hand, I confess; it's splendid fun! Eleven o'clock! can it be possible that it is so late? I must make haste and finish the tiresome letter, and then to bed, to dream of diamonds and carriages!"

It was nearly twelve, however, and the vagant little body as I am can't live withou

It was nearly twelve, however It was nearly twelve, however, and the fire had barnt very low, before Ella finished the carefully worded note, and scaled it with a fairy-like device of entangled initials in pink wax. For Ella was exquisitely fastidious and elaborate in all her doings, even down to her flirtations.

The beautiful exquette, with her drooping evolids, and voice attined to the ewertest.

the beautiful exquette, with her drooping eyelids, and voice attimed to the sweetest and softest key—one would not have thought, as she placed that letter on the marble mantel, that she issees its contents were to break the heart of a noble and truesonled man! But, patience, Ella Wardlaw-your day of retribution will arrive yet!

When Charles Forrest descended the steps

ien Charles Forrest descended the step When Charles Forrest descended the steps of the Wardlaw's dwelling, and walked down the lighted street, he felt dizzy and happy, like the voyager who steers his back away from the soft, bewildering fragrance of lotus-blossomed isles in the far East. The syren's spell was on him—and yet some warning and watchful pulse, down deep in his heart, kept beating the old, incomprehensible time, "Beware, beware!"

Onward he passed through the noisy tumult of Broadway, until he paused where the brilliant lights from a great hotel threw a line of radiance out to the very middle of the street.

a voice.

a Myself, and no other, Thornby, for I conclude it is either you or your ghost But I thought you were safely settled in col-lege; studying divinity, instead of —."
Instead of running wild about the coun-

he delightful little impromptu supper over, and the two gentlemen were smo-r cigars, when Thornby abruptly plun-into the subject which was uppermost in his mind, "Charley, I'm in love!"

"You are? My dear fellow, so am I."
"I am glad of that, because you can sympathise with me. I have come here expressly to see her, and have the day fixed for the wedding."
"I haven't got quite so far as that!" said Ferrord amiling.

"But I know it to be so! Heavens! what a narrow escape I have had! And you also, Thornby, should rejoice at your escape from the wiles of a false-bearing coquette?" Still Raith Thornby repeated, between

the wilm of a false-hearted coquette? Still Balph Thornby repeated, betwo his teeth, "I will not believe it. Ellen truth itself?"

truth itself?"

"Shall we put it to the test?" asked Forrest, rather indignantly.

"Do what you please. I will stake my
life on her single-mindedness."

Forrest took up a pen, and dashed off a
hurried proposal in form.

"There'! I will send this to-morrow morning, with a request for an immediate answer.

When that answer comes, will you believe
its testimony?"

Thornby nodded, but the hand which lay upon Charles Forrest's was cold and damp as marble. as marrie.
"Good-night, then, my dear fellow," said
Forrest, as he rose to take leave. "I am
sorry for you from the very bottom of my
heart, for you feel this more deeply than I

can do!"

But Thornby did not answer. Could it be possible that his worshipped idol was slipping slowly but surely from her high pedestal? Then what remained on earth to

Head and heart both school sadly that night, but the weariness of travel was nothing to the sick sensation of distrust and apprehension that had taken possession of his mind. Therefore, it happened that he was still lounging over his almost untasted breakfast, when Charles Forrest was ansunced by a waiter.

still founding over his almost unmasted, when Charles Forrest was announced by a waiter.

"Well?" was his greeting.

Forrest replied: "I despatched my missive, and here is the answer. See, the seal is yet unbroken — we will peruse it to-

gether."

It was a skilfully-written note of glad acceptance. Ella wrote that "she had long loved Mr. Forrest—that her greatest happiness through life would be to secure his contentment"—with a variety of charming little addenda, such as, yesterday, would have filled Charles Forrest's heart with rapture. Now, they were false, idle rhapso-

Are you convinced?" was Forrest's

"Are you convinced?" was Forrest's simple question, as the letter dropped from his companion's trembling hand.
"I am. It has been a pleasant dream, but I am effectually roused at last. Charley, I have been a fool—a dupe!"
"And so have I, Raiph. Just give me that enthusiastic love-letter you showed me last night?"
"What for ?"
Charley made no renly, but he took it.

"What for ?"

Charley made to reply, but he took the letter from Thornby's unresisting hand, and folding it with the note of acceptance he had just received, wrote one line on the margin,—"The complinents of Messys. Thornby and Forrest"—and enclosed both in one envelope, directed to Miss Wardlaw.
"There?" he said, quietly. "When she receives this, she will see that her carefully-arranged ulans are disconcerted ulans are disconcerted.

arranged plans are disconcerted."

Ella Wardlaw was practising a difficult

Elia Wardlaw was practising a difficult Italian sonata as the eventful note was handed her. She tore it hurriedly open, and gazed with wide-open bewildered eyes, upon the enclosures. The next instant they fell from her nerveless fingers—she had fainted, for the first and last time in her life.

Years have passed since then. Ralph Thornby is married to a lovely young heiress; Charles Forrest has a blooming wife, and two rosy little girls; but Ella Wardlaw is a hopeless old maid, with not the faintest chance of a husband. She says she never intended to marry—but we've heard old maids say that before!

BY THE SEA SHORE.

As we stand on the beach and gaze sea ward, dark blue waves, with their crested tops, lashing each other in seeming rage, rising and falling with deep and regular undulations, meet the eye. One wave follows another in quick succession, pushing up the shelving beach until reaching a certain point, then receding; while another, rushing forward, fills its comrade's place, and meets its comrade's fate.

Gulls sail in mid-air, now and then dive lownwards, pause for a moment, half imnersed, then rising, shake the spray from off their plumage, and speed away on rapid wing. Green sea-weed moves hither and hither, playing in the circling eddies. The fresh breeze kisses every wave-top, and cemingly lingers to whistle a gay hornpipe o the sportive porpoise that gambols on the surface. Our every step upon the beach crushes some beautifully-shaped shells of

Stepping into a boat, we "spread the sails to the deep," and are soon scudding over the waves—now rushing up the incline of a billow, then gliding swiftly downward, paus—"I should think you could let me sleep.

"I should think you could let me sleep." rising again, ever dashing onward. moon, coming out from a cloud to which it adds a "silver lining," smiles along the crest of each majestic billow, and lights up the eddying ripples as they whirl away. The soft breeze fans our cheek, and hums a melody amongst the rigging, which seems to accord with the music of the water against the prove as the divided water against greeable person I ever saw!"

"I am glad of that, because you can sympathize with me. I have come here expressly to see her, and have the day fixed for the wedding."

"I haven't got quite so far as that!" said Forrest, smiting.

"But, Charley, she is the leveliest creature that the sun ever shone on—an angel—a divinity—"

"Hold on, Ralph—not quite the leveliest I trust; for the lady whom I worship is alone entitled to that superlative degree of praise?"

"You're in love too, my dear boy, so Pill excuse any little symptoms of insanity."

"How are not interest pricture somewher about me?"

"He searched eagerly in his pockets, while Forrest repeated the soft name.

"Ella? Why, that is the name of the young lady whom I admire so much; and, by Jove?" he added, as Thorsby unclassed a little velvet miniature case, and held it nowards him, "that is the very face! You don't mean to say you are engaged to be a last letter?"

"To be sure I am! What do you mean? Surely there is some mistake? I can show you her last letter?"

"To be sure I am! What do you mean? Surely there is some mistake? I can show you her last letter?"

"To be sure I am! What do you mean? Surely there is some mistake? I can show you her last letter?"

NIPPETETUCKET.

A Fairy Story for Little Polks.

BY MYBYLE BLOSSOM.

I had once a young friend who was an excellent little boy, but had several small, but troublesome, had habits. One of these habits was leaving every door open. Another was stamping on the stairs. Another was waking up the baby. Another was forgetting what his mamma told him to do, or not to do. Another was fretting whenever things did not run smoothly.

Now just imagine what lecturing, and reproving, and fault-finding there must have seen in a house with a little boy and all these bad habits. My young friend felt that he was a very miserable little boy indeed, as often as six times a day; and though be did not think about giving up any of his bad habits, he thought that people were very disagreeable to make him so much trouble about them, and often wished that he could live in a place where there was no fault-finding and no scolding.

One morning he woke up bright and early, and lay thinking in his bed. The night before, he had fallen into deep disagree, and his mamma had not kissed him when she said good-night. Naturally, he remembered this first in the morning; but while he thought it over, something very strange happened; for, looking up, what should he see but a little man sitting astride on the bedpost, who looked as if he was made out of solid gold, and who smoked a small pipe that looked like gold also:

"What is your name?" asked our boy.

"Nippetetucket!" answered the little man, puffing at his pipe.

"And where do you come from?" asked

man, puffing at his pipe.

"And where do you come from?" seked
my young friend.
"From a country where everybody does as he likes, and nobody scolds," answered Nippetetucket. "Should you like to go

"I think I should," cried the bey, jumping up and hurrying on his clothes, lest anybody should wake up and stop him.

When he was dressed. Nippetetucket motioned to the boy to follow him to the roof, and in some way they stepped from the roof right into a country the boy had never seen before, but which was certainly very beautiful. Here they walked along very well together, till, of a sudden, Nippetetucket gave our young friend a tremendous box on the car.

What is that for?" asked the boy, much

astonished.
"Oh, nothing!" said Nippetetucket. "It is only a way I have: a habit of mine. I like to see how astonished people will look.
Every one does as they like here, you

"I should think it was a very oan way, muttered the boy, and walked on, sulky enough, till Sippetetucket proposed breakfast; and taking out a little stove, a cook, and pots and pans, all looking like himself, as if made of gold, he set them on the grass. "What would you like for breakfast? You can have anything you like," said Nimestetucket.

sippetetucket.

Our boy thought a minute, and said he Then the cook made up a fire, and put on her pots and pans, and set out a little table faces of those we care which sand poached eggs when the cook asked what they would have. Nippetetucket said biscuits dreams unrealing the cook asked what they would have.

that." that."
"Sure enough," returned Nippetetucket.
"That is too bad, for we can only give one order to our cooks. But you see I have a habit of forgetting."
"A very bad habit, I think," said the

soy. "You ought to try and do better."
"Oh, we do as we like here," said Nippe-

tetucket. Just then, a little bird began to sing delightfully. Our boy had never heard such music in his life, and he almost forgot that he could not cat the hard biscuit and

ausage.

But in the very middle of the lovely song, Nippetetucket began to fret and complain.
"Oh, dear! I have burnt my tongue!
The coffee was too hot! Oh, dear! oh,

"To be still," said the boy, "and let me hear the bird. What is the use of scold-ing and fretting? That won't help your

"I have a habit of fretting and scolding. "I have a habit of fretting and scolding. What right have you to interfere with my habits in a country where every one does as he likes? I don't care for the bird. I have heard him before. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how I did burn my tongue!"

In short, he made it impossible for the boy to hear the wonderful bird at all.—Worn out with so many vexations, our boy laid himself down to sleep awhile, and had inset commenced a charming dream, when

ing a moment in the trough of the sea, then half an hour at least," exclaimed the boy,

The very angry.

"Oh," said Nippetetucket. "I always the it "Oh," said Nippetetucket. want to best my drum when I see people asleep. I think it is fun. It is a habit of mine."

"If that is your opinion," answered Nip-petetucket, "you had better go back to your own country."

And in the twinkling of an eye, our boy found himself back in his bed, and very glad he was to get there.

LEGENDS OF THE ROSES.

There is an old legend which says that Eve brought the Rose out of Eden with her. It has always been a favorite flower with the Jews. In later times the Rose of Jericho has usurped the place of affection so long held by that of Sharon. This rose is a native of Arabia Petres, and opens only in fine matter. If we searched esgority in his pockets, while case in all telious production." Figure, as we all know, was mercileasly smilled by the literary Jupiter of the Edisboyer Review and the Rev Charles Wolfe's exquisite "Silve Why, that is the manne of the Rev Charles Wolfe's exquisite "Silve Why, that is the manne of the Rev Charles Wolfe's exquisite "Silve Why, that is the wave mount and the Rev Charles Wolfe's exquisite "Silve Why, that is the wave of the Rev Charles Wolfe's exquisite "Silve Why, that is the wave for the Silve Wolfe's exquisite "Silve Why, that is the wave of the Rev Charles Wolfe's exquisite "Silve Wolfe's Exquisite Wolfe's Exquisite "Silve Wolfe's Exquisite "Silve Wolfe's Exquisite Wolfe's Exquisite "Silve Wolfe's Exquisite Wolfe's Exquisite Wolfe's Exquisite Wolfe's Exquisite Wolfe's Exquisite Wolfe's Exquisite Wolfe's

planted by King Shaddad, and now buried in the dessert, which is analogous in many respects to the Garden of Eden. Throughout Southern and Central Europe it is used in love-spells and divination. One common German superstition is to name rose leaves, and then throw them into a basin of clean water. The less which sinks last is to be husband or wife of the inquirer. Another superstition is to throw rose leaves on hot coals; the burning fragrance is thought to attract good fortune. White roses blooming at an unexpected time are believed in England to denote a death in the family of the owner, and red once a marriage. As the lily is the emblem of France, so the rose is of England, where it assumes more of an historical than sacred character.

PORGIVE AND PORGET.

BY GRACE GARLAND.

When the wild waves of passion the ultrocally rell, Transforming to darkness the God-graves seel, Oh, why will so ignore, with life-long regret, The beautiful motte, "Forgive and forget?"

It comes not of earth—'tis from angels above, Where beatife for reigns supremely in love; And would we milt in their heavesty bacquet, Let us head the pure precept, "Forgive and forge To angels on high is the loved mission given, if winning our wayward and week souls to bleaves, flut ere this may be, let us bear in mind yet, We must both preach and practice "Forgive and forces."

BLESSINGS IN DISQUISE.

The path of life meanders through a bright and beautiful world; a world where the fragrant flowers of friendship, nourished by the gentle dews of sympathy and the warm smilght of affection, bloom in perennial beauty. But through this bright world there flows a stream whose turbid waters cross and recross the path of every pilgrim—it is the stream of human suffering.

Nearly six thousand years have passed

it is the stream of human suffering.

Nearly six thousand years have passed since it flowed out through Eden's gate, yet it still rolls onward, ever becoming broader and deeper. Its sources are hidden in the immost recesses of human hearts, and its tributaries flow out from every hearthstone in the land. Man strives in vain to check its neargest it is meantablable.

stone in the land. Man strives in vain to check its progress—it is uncontrollable. Science and art may press into their service all the blind forces of Nature. They may unite distant places by parallel bands of iron, and cause the nevertiring locomotives swiftly to speed from the eastern to the western sea. With lightning-like rapidity they may see the messages of home or tives swiftly to speed from the eastern to the western sea. With lightning-like ra-pidity they may send messages of hope or tidings of despair through air and ocean. They may even go beyond these, and de-termine the nature of the very elements which compose the heavenly bodies. But, when they seek to stop the flow of this mighty stream, they are confronted by the mandate, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

farther." Education has done much to overcome Education has done much to overcome the evils of ignorance and barbarism, but it has also done much to increase our capacity for suffering. We are now surrounded by the advantages and comforts of civilization; but are we happier than were our ancestors in ruder times? If we look about us to-day should like hot rolls and poached eggs, in ruder times? If we look about us to-day and procession and pons, and set out a little table for the two. But instead of saying hot rolls and poached eggs when the cook asked what they would have, Nippetetucket said biscuits and samsages.

"No, no?" said our boy. "I did not say that," "No, no?" said our boy. "I did not say that," "I we nouse," "stormed Nippetetucket said biscuits and samsages.

"No, no?" said our boy. "I did not say that," "I we nouse," "stormed Nippetetucket said biscuits and samsages. there are, which the los softows too deep for utterance; sorrows which are denied even the consolation of human sympathy. They tell of hearts which have reached the acme of human suffering, and of times when the soul has despairingly recoiled from the bur-dens of systemses.

dens of existence.

One who has reached this dark point still goes on through life, and his nearest friends little imagine, as they warmly press his hands, that from him have departed all the hands, that from him have departes all the light and beauty of existence. They little think, as they look on his familiar face, that those beaming smiles disguise the emotions of a breaking heart; and when his gay laugh rings out on the air, they dream not that to him it is the knell of departed

opes, In view of these mournful facts, we may In view of these mournful facts, we may well pause to ask, "For what purpose are these trials sent?" They must be for good; and yet how hard it is to recognize as a blessing the blow which crushes the dearest aspirations of the soul. Yet these sufferings tend to promote our highest interests. They raise us above self; they awaken our tenderest sympathies; and they call into action the highest and noblest impulses of our nature. The depth of the sufferings which we ourselves have endured is, in most cases, ture. The depth of the sufferings which we ourselves have endured is, in most cases, the measure of our sympathy for others, and the power of the temptations we have met as surely measures our charity for those who

READING ALOUD.

We think it is much to be regretted that We think it is much to be regretted that this charming accomplishment of reading aloud is not more cultivated by ladies. You see half-a-dozen girls in a family, whether they are musical or not, doomed to hours of daily practice on the piano, which is, in fact, so many hours of precious time wasted. How few ever play sufficiently well to be How lew ever play sufficiently well to be listened to with pleasure; and many of those who do play decently give it up as soon as they are married. We are not speaking against music—let those who have a real taste devote themselves to it—but, certainly, it ought not to be viewed as an educational

In Naples, a barber will shave, out hair, comb, brush, black boots and give you a ci-gar and call it square for ten cents.

LONDON tailors actually propose to de-mand payment for clothes on delivery, and the swell of the period characterises the innovation as a beastly republican sort of

ACCORDING to a local journal, the rat-themakes in the knobs of Lincoln county, Kentucky, have formed a "corner" in wa-ter, and the supply of some families is cut-off. They gather in large numbers around the springs, and will allow no one to ap-proach them.

LOVE'S SEASONS .- There are four seasons Love's Skanons.—There are four seasons in love. First comes love before betrothal, or spring; then comes the summer, more ardent and fierce, which lasts from our betrothal to the altar; the third, the rich laden, soft, dreamy autumn, the honeymoon; and after it, the winter, bright, clear winter, when you take shelter by your fireside from the cold world without, and find every comfert and every pleasure there. fort and every pleasure there.

fort and every pleasure there.

Mosquitos.—Camphor is recommended as valuable for the expulsion of mosquitos from a house. It is used as follows:—Take of gum camphor s piece about the size of a walnut, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite; the smoke will soon fill the room, and expel the mosquitos, and not one will be found in the room the next morning, even though the windows are left open all night.

One day last week a professional earthler

windows are left open all night.

One day last week a professional gambler went into a faor room in Chicago, to play an engagement with the tiger. He commenced playing, lost, won, lost again, continued losing, and finally, at the end of fifty hours, he ceased playing, being then out of pocket to the amount of \$11,900. During this session of fifty hours the game was unbroken. The gambler never slept for a moment, never stopped to eat a meal, but carried the whole tremendous enterprise through without rost, cessation, or refreshment.

ment.

MEDICINE men among the Indians occasionally have a chance to know how it is themselves. Little Joe did. He doctored a fellow-redskin to death near Big Pine, Colorado, and the rest of the tribe became hufly, and made him take the same dosing he had given the dead Sapsey. And then, because the medicine didn't work in the same way, and kill Little Joe, they stoned and stabbed him until he was dead. This was all done on the ground that any doctor was all done on the ground that any doctor who cannot cure ought to be killed. How would this rule answer hereabouts?

In Brittany there is said to prevail a very In Brittany there is said to prevail a very curious matrimonial custom. On certain fete-days the young ladies appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number denotes the pertion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band, representing silver, betokens one hundred francs of rent, and each yellow band denotes gold, and stands for a thousand francs a year. Thus, a young farmer who sees a face that pleases him, has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoats to learn in an instant what amount accompanies the wearer. mount accompanies the wearer.

amount accompanies the wearer.

A HALE and hearty old gentleman living in Georgia, is the proud father of thirteen handsome daughters. He buys clothing for them by the wholesale. Thus, when he last went shopping, he bought 370 yards of calico, 100 yards of lawn, thirteen corsets, twenty-six pairs of shoes, and other goods in proportion. Unlike many fathers who have only one daughter, he paid cash for all his purchases. Though an old man, he had never bought a bushel of corn or a pound of meat, but raised them himself. He has never sworn an oath, and does not owe a dollar. A pattern of industry, evidently.

dently. Wiffin the late King of the Sandwich Islands was gathered to his fathers, he was buried in a feather cloaking which had passed down to him through generations of royal chieftains. When the remains were to be placed in the coffin, and were removed from the feather robe on which they had laid in state, his aged father commanded that the body be buried in the robe, as the dead king his son was the last of the first. that the body be buried in the robe, as the dead king, his son, was the last of the family, and to him, therefore, it belonged. It will cost more than \$100,000 to replace this robe, if it ever is replaced, for one million of birds, possessed of rare red and yellow plumage, were caught to furnish the material of which it was made.

THE first of the new invention for getting THE first of the new invention for getting rid of the sea motion in the channel passage will be ready for launching, at Blackwell, on the second of July. Captain Dicey's idea of twin ships, connected by an arch throughout, and worked by paddles, in what may be called the tunnel between the fancy, and its edges are gleaming with the golden tints of hope. Vainly we strive to loose its wondrous clasp—'tis a task which none but the hand of Time can accomplish.

But 'tis not so with the record of the past. That is accessible to all. On its tear-stained pages the bitter lessons of experience are indelibly written.

what may be called the tunnel between the two keels, has been very ably carried out by the naval architect of the company. Should the experience by the obbid keel, while the pitching may be overcome to a great extent by the length of the vessel. The Countess of Granville will perform the christening ceremony, and in her honor it christening ceremony, and in her honor it is proposed to name the new steamer the Chatilia.

A MODEL duel recently came off at Ottawa, Canada. Two journeyme tailors hav-ing indulged in what Mr. Dick Swiveller politely calls "the rosy," quarrelled, and caused their employer considerable annoy-ance. After he had tried in vain to reconcaused their employer can be ance. After he had tried in vain to reconcile them, he produced a pair of rusty pistols, and persuaded the belligerents to fight it out "like gentlemen." Having got the knights of the shears out in the yard, he placed them back to back, capped the pistols, and told them they must walk ten paces, then turn and fire. The couple proceeded to pace, but the courage of one cored out so rapidly that he never turned round at all. When last seen, he was keeping straight on, at a rapid rate, and in a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

OVER THE WAY.

BY M. E. SMITH.

A low-resolut became in the shashow of trees.

The resolut even mean;

The resolut even mean;

With several statics the rustic purch,

With several statics and several;

The a house several several;

The a house several several;

Such sharies as Jessie May,

With merry blue sym and golden hair,

Mocking me over the way.

Oh, Cupid oly, will you tail me why

Such fredien with hearts you play?

Your arrows lie in such glance of her eye,

Transfiting me over the way.

All day long from the maple-boughs,
In the globoune time of June,
Comes floating to the state of June,
Comes floating to the state of t

As we strod "mong the clover blossoms red, When the harvest moon was bright, The old, old story was told again, In the bash of summer's night.

A Was the harvest moon yellow in the harvest red was to the harvest red was, "Oh, long ago," she whispered low, "I lest it over the way."

Foor Cupid, blind, did if end to your mind, The game you intended to play?

Your terrible darts have broken no hearts, Kachanging them over the way.

EARNING A WIFE.

BY J. H. SMITH.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said Farmer Burton, removing the pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate alr, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine-looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession, but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir. I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she—she referred me to you." The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a rery good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at

air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you ——"

"I know that you are well off, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away,—as it is in thousands of instances,—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you do?"

This was a style of catechism for which

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questions without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought ——" "I believe you managed college—have you any profe "No, sir; I thought—— "Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that, with the wealth I should inherit, I should not Your father thought like a fool, then

"Your father thought like a tool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation, and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able-bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a cent in your life! You ought to be shamed of yourself?"

a cent in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man, after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl could have, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose, I could keep more servants, but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and all manner of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosychecked lass she is. I did say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to you, and I'll tell ye what I'll do, for to work and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest; then come to me, and, if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked is into his pocket, and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Burton was waiting to see her lover down at the garden-gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light

her lover down at the garden-gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his soler,

discomited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application. "And I'm not sure but what he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughful pause; "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or, ought to have some occupation.

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added, softly:—"Never mind; I'll wait for you, Luke!"

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But, wherever he went, he carried with him in his exile there would and which were like a tower of size. She would say no more than that no age. She would say no more than that no age. these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul—"I'll wait for you,

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in etober, as Farmer Burton was propping up he grape vine in his front-yard, that thread to break down with the weight of its luxurions burdens, a neat-looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with

op, from which Luke Jordan anginesi with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his former easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Burton. I understand that you wanted to buy some buttertubs and eider-barrels. I think I have some heart that willbirt enters that will be a support to the tubs and eider-barrels. I think I have some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the

old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by ne," replied Luke, with an air of par-

donable pride; "and I challenge any cooper in the State to beat them."

Mr. Burton examined them critically one

by one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will you

What I asked you for six months ago toay—your daughter, sir."
The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes

condened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you, after ll," he cried. "Come in, lad—come in. shouldn't wonder if we made a bargain,

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Burton, thrusting his head into the kitchen-door.

mis head into the kitchen-door.

Molly tripped out into the hall. The round, white arms were bared above the elbows, and bore trans of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a nest ging-ham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

[This serial was commenced in No. 46. Back num bers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughou the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XV.

A TETE-A-TETE.

That same afternoon, two young persons were walking in Mr. Lasalle's grounds— Jasper Layton and Bernice Vance. It had been an accidental meeting. Both

were out for a fresher breath of the languid summer air, and on one of the shaded green walks they had encountered each other. Of course they kept on together, and very

naturally began talking of the danger from which Bernice had escaped so fortunately.
"Have you no friends?" Jasper asked, presently.

"None, save Mr. Saul and-and-Dora." "You may now reckon me among the number. I shall be only too happy if you will look upon me as your friend. Miss

"Thank you," a soft, pink flush stealing into her cheeks. "You are very kind." There was a moment's silence. Jasper

broke it by saying:
"You seem to have very few friends, and

many enemies."
"True," drawing a deep breath. "But I don't know why any body should seek to barm me, I am of so little account in the world."

world."
Jasper smiled.
"There may be reasons you do not now fully comprehend."
Bernice thought of the ebony casket, and shivered involuntarily.
"I think there are reasons," she said.
"But my life is such a mystery! I cannot be sure of anything save simple existence."
In answer to his wondering glance, she added:

added:
"I thought you must have heard some

added:

"I thought you must have heard something of my history—perhaps from Miss Raymond. I see you have not."

"No. I have not talked of you with Dora, since your return."

She hesitated a little, and with a flush upon her cheeks, said presently:

"I'm sure you ought to know to whom you are offering your friendship so freely. I am a waif—a foundling. I have no right even to the name I bear."

"I am sorry for you," he said, gently. "If you are alone in the world, even my brotherly interest may be of service to you."

He laid a strong emphasis upon the word brotherly, for he suddenly thought, with a pang, that it was scarcely loyal to Dora, to continue this dangerous tete-a-tete with another. But he found it too sweet to be broken off abruptly.

"Your good will can never be less than acceptable, Mr. Layton."

Then, in a hurried voice, and with a hotter cheek than ever, as if fearful her words might be minutested abs said.

ter cheek than ever, as if fearful her words

ter cheek than ever, as if learful her words might be misunderstood, she said; "My whole life has been a barren, friend-less one. An old woman brought me up. She sent me to school, and was kind to me, in some ways, though a most eccentric per-son. But I am nameless and poor—by no means suited to mingle on terms of equality

The world looks rather to birth and

"Not much. The woman who brought me up would tell me nothing of my parent-age. She would say no more than that no blood of hers flowed in my veins. I have thought, sometimes, she might have been a

thought, sometimes, she might have been a trusted servant in my father's family. But it is only a wild dream. If my parents were poor and obscure, they could not have kept servants."

"Where is this woman now?"

"Dead" was the and low answer.

"Where is this woman now?"
Dead," was the sad, low answer.
Jasper looked up at her quickly.
"Surely," he said, "she did not die without revealing all she knew of your history?"
"She gave me an ebony casket, in which,
she said, were valuable papers, that would
tell me everything I ought to know."
"It was a base deception?"
"No, I believe it was not. But the casket has not been opened from that day to

ket has not been opened from that day to this. For reasons I cannot explain, she exacted a promise that I would keep it intact until a certain date."

until a certain date."

Jasper dropped his head on his breast.

He was more deeply interested than he
would have cared to tell.

"Strange," he muttered. "Do you know,
Miss Vance, I can draw but one inference
from what you have told me?"

"What is that?"

"Your parents must have been people of ealth and consequence." Bernice heaved a deep sigh. "Then why was I left to grow up in pov-

erty and obscurity?"

"The riddle is past my power of solution. But, trust me, all will be made clear to you some day."

"Heaven speed the time."

"If I can ever be of service to you in more value, the mystery, you may count

who advertised, had no right to meddle with my affairs at all; at least I recognised no such right."
She did not say that the advertisement emanated from titles Raymond's fertile pen, though such was the fact.

"You surprise me," said Jasper, looking as if he wished to hear more.
After a minute's lessitation, she raised her eyes to his with an air of the most charming frankness.

"Let me finish my story," she said. "My nurse, as I call the woman who brought me up, took me to Yorkville, some six months since. There she sickened and died, but not before she had given me to understand that my fortunes were closely identified with those of a certain wealthy family in the place."

"Were your claims upon the family in question recognized?"

"Were your claims upon the family in question recognized?"

"By no means. Nurse Goodwin did not intend I should hold any communication with these high-born people until the time came round for me to unravel the mystery of the ebony casket. But I was so lonely and sad after she died, that I wanted loving hearth and friendly faces about me. So I went to these proud favorites of fortune and told them my simple story."

"And they?" interrogated Jasper, eagerly. Bernice's face grew sad and thoughtful.

"They laughed at the old woman's tale, and said she must have been mad—that I could possibly have no claim upon them. But they offered me an asylum beneath their roof until I could find a home more to my liking."

"You accepted it?"

"You accepted it?"

"You accepted it?"

"You accepted it?"
"Yos," she answered, in a vibrating voice.
"I knew not what else to do. Please remember how lonely and friendless I was—without a home, or scarcely a place to lay my head."

my head."
"Poor child?" said Jasper, involuntarily "Poor child!" said Jasper, involuntarily pressing her hand in both his own.
"It was a strange life I led with those haughty aristocrats," she went on. "They were kind, in their way. But they made me feel like a pensioner upon their bounty. Every look, every gesture was constantly reminding me of the immeasurable distance between us—a gulf of blue blood that could never be bridged.
"At last one of their frequent visitors, a

never be bridged.

"At last one of their frequent visitors, a gentleman I had disliked extremely from the first, condescended to notice me, and in an absurdly brief time there came an offer francisco."

She sent me to school, and was kind to me, in some ways, though a most eccentric person. Rut I am nameless and poor—by no means suited to mingle on terms of equality with Miss Raymond and yourself."

"Say nay," he murmured, bending over her, and speaking the words close to her her, and speaking the words close to her her, and speaking the words of the sare fitted to stand alone in this world of trial. We were created brothers and sisters, that we might give mutual help and sympathy."

She sent me to school, and was kind to me, in some ways, though a most eccentric person. Rut I am nameless and poor—by no means suited to mingle on terms of equality with Miss Raymond and yourself."

"Say, nay," he murmured, bending over her, and speaking the words close to her her, and speaking the words close to her did to stand alone in this world of trial. We were created brothers and sisters, that we like the disagreeable subject drop forever. Promise me you will say nothing to Jasper of our old life at Shrublands, or that we ever knew each other there."

Bernice started, and turned a shade paler at the results.

him forget honor and duty. Nearer and nearer bent his proud head, as if drawn by some magnetism he was powerless to resist. His hot breath fanned her check, his eyes looked straight into her own. "Bernice—" he whispered. He said no more. A step crashed in the gravel, close upon them. They sprung guiltily apart, and Jasper's face flushed

Dora was stepping down the path towards the spot where they stood, with a strange, half-scornful smile curling her red lip. How much had she seen of what had just transpired?

CHAPTER XVI.

WEAVING THE WEB.

Jasper was not fully himself when he met

Jasper was not fully himself when he met his betrothed. A sense of pain and loss weighed upon his spirits like a spell. He realized, all at once, the fearful mistake he had made in plighting his troth to a woman he merely liked.

But perhaps he was not so much to blame, after all. He had mistaken his infatuation for Dora for love. His eyes were but just

opened to his real capacity for a deathless passion. Had he not met Bernice he might passion. Had he not me pernice in might have gone on in the old delusion till the end of his days. But the touch of another woman's hand,

But the touch of another woman's hand, the glance of another woman's eye, had aroused him forever from this idle dream. He felt guilty, confused. A sudden real-ization of his own baseness forced itself upon his mind. A momentary madness had

ization of his own baseness forced itself upon his mind. A momentary madness had taken possession of him. Under its spell he would have made love to one woman while his word was plighted to another!

"Fool—fool!" he thought, bitterly. "Do I, then, wear my heart upon my sleeve? Have I lost all control over myself that I should plunge headlong into all that is mean and dishonorable?"

"Heaven speeced by the speece of service to you in unraveling the mystery, you may count upon my aid."

"I will come to you," she said, giving him a grateful look.

Then she walked on silently. The birds the said she walked on silently. The birds in the said and sweet—too sweet, may hap, to seem in harmony with the odd smile-that curled her lip.

The Bryword Inheritance.

The sample But the kind of bargain the production he became a sample. But the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the sample but the kind of bargain to the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain to the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample as a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample as a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the sample but the kind of bargain the production he became a sample but the sam

Now that Jasper knew she was homeles

Now that Jasper knew she was homeless and nameless, it did not occur to her that anything else could come between them.

Dora did not speak to her until they had gained her dressing-room, when she threw herself on a hassock at Bernice's feet, with the gesture of a wayward child.

"My darling," she said, looking prettily confused, and fixing a deprecating gaze upon the gentle face above. "I have a confession to make. You will be good enough to hear it?"

may have to tell me," returned Dernice, kindly.

"If I have done wrong, what is the better way—to go on as if all was as it should be, or seek to undo my work?"

"Ask your own better self, Dora, not

A slight flush mantled Dora's face, and

then receded.
"I might have known what your advice would be!" she exclaimed, almost petulantly. "But it isn't a very gross sin of which I have been guilty. Sometimes I think it would be better to let it rest, and say nothing about it."

Bernice was silent, but her expression

Bernice was silent, but her expression spoke the reproaches she did not utter. "I can't make a clean breast of it, except to you," Dora said, suddenly. "The fact is, I told Jaseper a lie. How can I force my-self to acknowledge anything so mean and cowardly?"
"A lie?" echoed Bernice, in a shocked

tone. "Yes. It was that day at the mill. I was "Yes. It was that day at the mili. I was not myself, or I should have been more careful. He must have suspected we knew each other, from something in our looks and actions. He asked me the question point blank."

between us—a gulf of blue blood that could never be bridged.

"At last one of their frequent visitors, a gentleman I had disliked extremely from the first, condescended to notice me, and in an absurdly brief time there came an ofter of marriage."

She pansed, blushing with womanly shame that she should have told so much. But Jasper's ready sympathy had drawn her on, almost unconsciously.

"Do not hesitate," said he, gently.

"I will not. You are too much a gentleman to take advantage of my confidence."

"I should hope so."

"My new-found friends favored this man's sait," Bernice resumed, modestly dropping her eyes. "They would have compelled me morarry him, and began a system of persecution that almost drove me mad. You know the rest. I fled from the grudgingly-top the consecutive of mill-life."

Little did Jasper Layton think, at this time, that Bernice was speaking of Giles Raymond and his wife—the parents of his betrothed! As yet she had spoken no name—she scarcely knew why.

Certainly it was not to spare the young man's feelings, for she was utterly ignorant of the relation in which Dora stood to him. Perhaps it would have been better for her if she had known the truth at once. But she drifted onward to her fate, in sweet unconsciousness of danger.

"Now you know all," she said, abruptly. "don't comprehend why I should have given you my confidence. But I would not recall it."

"Nay, nay," he murmured, bending over her, and speaking the words close to her ear. "You have no need. None of us are fitted to stand alone in this world of trial. We were created brothers and sisters, that wonly the research world of trial. We were created brothers and sisters, that wo mich to stand alone in this world of trial. We were created brothers and sisters, that wo mich the given have not to stand alone in this world of trial. We were created brothers and sisters, that we micht give mutual help and symmathy."

"Of ourse you have my period period of the sort. That would be too murch to six. In telling you, I have atoned for t

Nearer and at the request. at the request.

"I promise never to broach the subject,"
she answered, reluctantly. "But I shall tell
no untruths. If Mr. Layton should question me, I can only shield you so far as lies
in my power at the time."

Bora smiled her satisfaction. But there

was an ominous drooping of the corners of her mouth, had Bernice been observant

her mouth, had Bernice oven conservant enough to see it.

Ind she guess that anything had been said already? Bernice asked herself the question, but was pleased to remember she had not mentioned Dora's name, or Mr. Raymond's, in speaking to Jasper of the family at Yorkville with whom she had been domicibed for a season.

initing at 1 or exists with whom she had been domiciled for a season.

"He does not imagine that there is any connection between the two," she thought; "and for Dora's sake I shall take care not to tell him. As yet nothing has been said that can harm her."

One of the housemaids came up shortly, with a victor's card.

with a visitor's card.
"For Miss Raymond," said she, present-Pora glanced at the name elegantly writ-

upon the embossed pasteboard, and then tily read a line penciled underneath,

ish to see her."
My father!" she cried, turning to Ber-"He has come to Millbrook." he color forsook Bernice's cheeks at ewords, Giles Raymond there—in that

"Impossible!" she ejaculated, scarcely nowing what she said. Looking her steadily in the eye, Dora

"Us I" echoed Bernice.

"Yes. He asks for you. You can see for yourself the note he has penciled upon this card. I know of what you are thinking, dear"—for Bernice gave a start and a shiver. "You have not forgotten the wretched life you led while at Shrublands. Bot I'm sure there is no need to bear it in it."

Bernice stood looking him steadfastly in the face, while he was speaking. She saw him cringe a little, and a slight flush mounted to this forehead. Surely, he could not it. I be mean enough to trifle with her upon such a subject?

And yet the suspicion crossed her mind with such force she could not wholly banish it.

dear. He does not like to be kept waiting.
Let us go down to him at once."

It was a bitter trial for the poor girl.
How could she confront this man whom she had come to regard in the light of a bitter enemy? How could she listen to the tones of his soft, treacherous voice, and not betray all the fear and dislike she really felt?

After a reconstitute of the state of

all the fear and dislike she really felt?

After a momentary struggle, she succeeded in controlling her violent agitation.
Giving her hand to Dors, she said in a searcely audible voice:

"I will go—to please you."

"Humph, I am surprised that you should cherish resentment. But you will soon forget it."

get it."

Down stairs they went, hand in hand.

Just inside the parlor door stood Mr. Baymond, smiling, affable, serene.

"Welcome, 'he cried, in a cheery tone.
"I am so glad to see you both."

Then he kissed Dora's cheek, and, turnintered. Represed fortering hand, in hand, in his

Then he kissed Dora's cheek, and, turning, took Bermee's fluttering hand in his.

"Poor, foolish little creature! Why did you run away from Shrublands? We have suffered more than you could guess on your account."

He gently stroked her hair, and looked down at her with moist eyes, full of well-simulated compassion. Bernice could not help feeling touched. Had she misjudged him, after all?

"I am sorry, sir," she faltered.

m, after all?

"I am sorry, sir," she faltered.

"Never mind, my dear. It is all over,
w. Here you are, safe and sound, and
will soon have you back to Shrublands

again."

"Oh, no, no," she cried, wildly starting.
"I do not wish to go back. Indeed, indeed.
I do not. I am happier here, at Mill-brook."

brook."
He smiled.
"Poor child, I doubt if you know your
own mind. You have just passed through
a strange experience. But that experience
is at an end. Go back with us, my dear,
and you shall be made as happy as we can contrive. Don't lay up past grievances against us; that is not kind, when we are sorry for an offence and anxious to atone." Still shivering, and very pale, Bernice

said shiveting, said refer to earn my own living. If I "I prefer to earn my own I must decline to

"I prefer to earn my own living. If I have no claim upon you, I must decline to become the recipient of your charity."

"Bah!" interrupted Dora. "Nobody at Shrublands would consider yon a burden, and you know it. I shall go back with paps, and, oh, it would make me so happy if you could return with us. You will—that's a darling?"

She laid her cheek coaxingly against Bernice's, and clasped her hands about her with quite a show of affection.

Mr. Raymond was standing near the door. A strange, white heat seemed to

Mr. Raymond was standing near the door. A strange, white heat seemed to flame and burn in his glassy eyes, but, outwardly, he was calm.

"Bernice," said he, abruptly, after a moment's thinking, "I have strange news to tell—news which will, I am sure, affect your decision."

"News 7"

your decision."
She stared at him. "News?"
"Yes. Nurse Goodwin was right—you kares a claim upon me."
Then he paused to watch the effect of his words. He saw her start, flush purple, and

then grow pale again.
"You kere a claim upon me," he repeated.
"That wretched old woman was not utterly
in the wrong, but she had facts strangely

"What mean you?" cried Bernice, ca-gerly, "What have you discovered? Have you penetrated, at last, the secret of my you penetrated, at last the secret of my parentage?"
Mr. Raymond shook his bead, smiling.
"There is no secret. Nurse Goodwin was cracked, or laboring under a singular delusion. She mystifed you, and us all needlessly. I doubt if she knew the real facts, herself."

ing. The thought that she would be name-less and homeless no longer, thrilled her

ties and nomerous no tonger, thritten her with an estatic joy.

"Don't keep me in suspense;" she ex-claimed. "Tell me the truth—the whole truth, no matter how unpleasant it may be! Who am 1?"

Who am I?"
"Simply Bernice Vance," he answered,
"It is not so. You are deceiving me.
You have discovered nothing?"
Mr. Kaymond shrugged, and his eyes met

"Pray compose yourself, my dear. don't know what you are saying.

on are catmer, we will continue.

"I am calm now-go on."

"What shall I tell you?"

"My parents?" she cried, breathlessly.
Are they living? Shall I see them?"

He shook his head.

ou are calmer, we will continue

You are alone in the world, poor child. I am your nearest relative, so far as I can now discover. Your parents have been now discover. Your parents have been dead very many years." Bernice sighed. A tear or two trembled

on her lashes. The hope of some day knowing a mother's love, a father's care, was stronger than she had thought. A sense of bitter disappointment and loss oppressed

"I am not a Raymond ?" she ventured

"In name-no," was the reply. "But impossible: ane ejaculated, scarcely owing what she said.
Looking her steadily in the eye, Dora de answer:
Here is his card. He is down stairs, that marriage."

In the country of the reply. For the start of the st

ping the carpet with his foot, with the nervous air of a person who has something to conceal.

"I am glad, so glad, that you and I are related, however distantly, Bernice," said lora, as if anxious to attract attention from her father.

Bernice pushed off her clinging arms, and standing up white and firm before Mr. Raymond, demanded:
"How did you learn all this you have told me—learn it so suddenly, I mean?"
He started when she spoke to him, and his eves refused to meet her own.

"From—papers—and an old servant," he stanmered. "But let us end this discussion. You shall hear the full particulars when we arrive at Shrublands. That is the more fitting place for further revelations."

"You are right, papa. We can afford to wait for the remainder of the atory."

Of course this was Dora. Bernice said nothing, but her thoughts ran thus:
"I do not fully trust this man. He may have told the truth, but I doubt it. However, I will return to Shrublands, since he and Dora wish it. Indeed, that seems the proper place to delve to the bottom of the mystery that envelopes me."

It was a sudden resolution, and one from which she would have shrunk a few moments before. But Mr. Raymond's story had wrought a great change in her feelings. She experienced a sudden desire to test its truth for herself.

If it were true, why the extreme anxiety of her unknown enemies to gain possession.

If it were true, why the extreme anxiety of her unknown enemies to gain possession of the abony casket? Mr. Raymond said abruptly, after a short

If you really wish it."

"I do."

An expression of unmistakable relief showed itself in his face. He seemed to breathe more freely than he had done a moment before—to rally, as from the spell of some dark despair.

"Go, my love," he said, cheerfully, to Dora. "Make your preparations as quickly as possible. We will leave Millbrook tonight."

"What will Mr. Lasalle say—and Mrs. Black?"

"Humph. It does not matter. Go, my dear."

Dora and Bernice left the room together.

After the lapse of a few minutes, Mrs. Black, a handsome, well-preserved woman of fifty, entered. She greeted Mr. Raymond quite cordially, for the two families had long been

surely will not think of returning to Shrub-lands to-night?"
"I must. It will be necessary to take the

instant.

Hernice had expected Jasper Layton But he

to bid him good-bye."
"Gone," answered Mr. Lasalle.

"Ah! It was very ungallant of him to go away without having seen us." He had barely time to catch the train.

"I shall be happy to welcome him, dear." At this moment, a servant came in to say that the carriage waited before the door.

Mr. Kavmond took his daughter's hand and led her out through the lofty hall, leaving Bernice to follow. She was pre-

One moment," whispered a boarse ce. "I have something to say to you before you go.

She did not need to turn, or look up to know that it was Mr. Lasalle who stood by her side, with his burning gaze upon her

"Let me go," she said, faintly Not yet. You can spare the little I

of your precious time. You must spare I cannot suffer you to go away without pleading with you once again." His grip upon her arm tightened, in-coluntarily. Bernice almost screamed with

"You are cruel, Mr. Lasalle."

ence:
"You have now been told the nature of the claim I have upon you. Will you re-voke your decision, and go home with Dora?"

Black !

"I must. It will be necessary to take the next train in order to do so. My presence at home is very cosential, just now. Business, you know. The young ladies had better return with me."

"Dora just said that such was their intention. This is very abrupt, Mr. Raymond. My brother will be very sorry."

"Will he?" with a swift, alert glance, as if a sudden thought had struck him.

"Yes. He is fond of company, you know. I must go to him and let him know of your sudden decision."

She left the room. Mr. Lasalle came in, shortly. He looked somewhat paler than his work, and there was a strange, uneasy

his wont, and there was a strange, his work, and there was a strange, uneasy glitter in his eyes.

He conversed quite glibly with Mr. Ray-mond until Dors and Bernice came down-stairs attired for their journey. Then his gaze fastened itself greedily upon the latter, as if reductant to lose sight of her for an

was longing to do.

Where is Mr. Layton ! I must see him

to bid him geost-type,
"Gone," answered Mr. Lasaile.

Dora echood the word in genuine surprise.
"Explain yourself," she demanded.—
"Where is Jasper gone?"
"To the city. Some sudden news, I believe—a letter, or something of that sort.
He set out immediately, but left a score of messages for you and Miss Vance."

Large felt a thrill of momentary alarm.

Dora felt a thrill of momentary alarm.

"When will be return?" she asked, slowly slipping a solitaire ring off and on her finger, as if in a brown study.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Lassile.

"Ah." It was very nogaliant of him to

"That explains his abrupt departure," and she breathed a sigh of relief. "I shall leave word for him to follow us to Shrublands. Shall I, papa;"

She glanced quickly, and a little anxiously, at Mr. Raymond, but he bowed and smitted.

leaving Bernice to follow. She was preightly clasped her arm

face. Instinct told her what was coming

to be fed by a little required, my that you lace me, and will be my wife."

Veice and face were full of agonized entreasty. The strength and farver of a death-hom possion glowed through them. With a little cry of mingled grief and dread, lieraise broke from his clinging grasp.

"Don't, don't" she cried, incoherently.

"You know I could never—love you! I gave you my answer that day in the mill. It was fined. Shame, shame, that you should persecute me still!"

Then, with a little stamp, and gleaming than, with a little stamp, and gleaming was lifted into

persecute me still?"
Then, with a little stamp, and gleaming eyes, she ran after Dura and was lifted into the carriage that waited before the door ere Mr. Lamils had fully recovered from the curprise occasioned by her sudden de-

(To be continued in our next.)

LOVE UNTOLD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN

My just yet grief -my rome, and yet my there My send a sweet day, and yet my spirit a night when these standed to by. I sight as one forter—And when after All I fanguesh for they night from these they world affireful as chose. And sold it trenship when they step it wast.

drags of thee, yet dose thee in my frame. ind, waking, sek of late it raise and a reades of feeling hath a thomsond stream to have my heart in those did thy form appear, my feel would stray, if they loved then not, another way!

There is a constant forer in my breast,

A something hoped, which dies when he

A sweet delight, and yet a strange unrest,
A thought that trembles butwist earth
heaven. Would I leved less, or would the power were here. To own my love, and triumph over fear.

MY ONLY LOVER

BY SUBAN SMITH.

I am an old maid. Do not start, dear reader; I am worse than that—a decidedly plain-looking old maid. I tell you this frankly at the beginning, so that, if you are expecting to hear a succession of romantic adventures, all about the loves and sorrows of "one of the fairest of flowers of earth," you can make up your mind to be disap-mined.

Neither have I a "certain case and grace,

you can make up your mind to be disappointed.

Neither have I a "certain case and grace," a "facility in conversation," by which one might be led to forget the plain exterior. I have neither "aweetness" nor "brilliancy" of manner. My poor plain face is quite passive and expressionless. I have always lived very retired, and have been accustomed, for want of society, to solare myself with books and castle buildings.

When I was just verging on young-lady-hood, I confess of fixing read such a quantity of novels as passionately to desire beauty and a heroic lover. But the beauty which I fondly dreamed that "sweet sixteen" or "lovely seventeen" would surely bring came not. I did not grow fairer, my hair did not gradually become soft and wavy, and my eyes were no more of an asure than formerly—in short, I was pretty much the same as ever, only more of me! Therefore, instead of the moonlight walks, the attentive admirers, of my maidenly dreams, I—plain, pale-faced, peak-nosed Susan Smith—remained quietly at home all the long venings, just because nobody asked me to do otherwise! And so I just gave up all the romantic notions I had ever indulged, and resolved—without one agonizing death-struggle—calmly, firmly, resolved to submit to a life of single blessedness.

Thus situated, I betook myself more than ever to reading. My uncle's scanty library was long ago exhausted; so I made depredations on neighboring ones, devouring everything which came in my way. I had just become nicely settled in all this, with a feeling of great contentment as to my lot, and had given up all ideas of ever having a lover and being like other girls—and then exame—but I am anticipating.

One day, when I was sitting with my aunt in the parkor, heuming some handkerchiefs, and not dreaming that anything remarkable was going to happen to me, an invitation came—but I am anticipating.

One day, when I was sitting with my aunt in the parkor, heuming some handkerchiefs, and not dereaming that anything remarkable was going to happen to me, an invitation

the romantic notions I had ever indulged, and resolved—without one agonizing death-struggle—calmity, firmly, resolved to submit to a life of single blessedness.

This situated, I betook myself more than ever to reading. My uncle's scanty library was long soo exhausted; so I made depredations on neighboring ones, devouring everything which came in my way. I had just become nicely settled in all this, with a feeling of great contentment as to my lot, and had given up all ideas of ever having a lover and being like other girls—and then exame—but I am anticipating.

One day, when I was sitting with my and in the parlor, heuming some bandkerchiefs, and not dreaming that anything remarkable was going to happen to me, an invitation came from so to a party at Mrs. Burton's. Now this same Mrs. Burton was a fashion-able lady who, though who, though usually conforming to the round of conventional society, displayed, occasionally, some strange sparks of eccentricity. It so happened that she had an extensive library, to which, through the sequantization of my company for the following the reserve, she strangely conceived the idea that I—Susan Smith, was "literary." And so she invited sea.

When I finally found mywelf in the sparing the structure of the property of the policy of a Susan Smith, was "literary." And so she invited sea.

When I finally found mywelf in the sparing the structure of the property of the property of the policy of a Susan Smith, was "literary." And so she invited sea.

When I finally found mywelf in the sparing the property of the

And so she invited me.

When I finally dound myself in the spacious saloons of Mrs. Burton's, surrounded by beautres and witching graces, I admit feeling somewhat of a pang. I gave myself up to the dreaming that would come, amid the soft, vague ripple of beauty that surrounded me.

rounded me.

Gradually my philosophic spirit gained the ascendancy over the imaginative. The vague clouds of ribbons, muslins and pretty faces, together with the darker and taller forms in the background, became more tangible. I became conscious that I was surrounded by human beings that I had an excellent competimite for my favorite purgible. I became conscious that I was sur-rounded by human beings: that I had an excellent opportunity for my favorite pur-suit—the study of human nature. I soon became cilified and amusaed in watching the course of divers little firstations and man-curres on the part of parties of both sexes. Yonder was a tall, dark-eyed, fine-looking young gentieman, who I soon perceived was quite a lion among the fair ones. All the artiflery of dimples, blushes and pink rib-bons was skillfully employed by the res-pective proprietors thereof, to storm the fortress. And he—he was smiling, affable, gallant, and by no means deficient in the use of weapons of his own. Yes, he was decidedly the centre-piece of the picture— the resigning bean of the season. As for helles, there were two or three struggling for the ascendancy, and whether the one or the other triumphed was ascertained by the attentions of the superb Mr. Sunderland. The blue eyes of the fair Miss Ella French gleamed more tenderly, or the sparkling

The bine eyes of the fair Miss Ells French gleamed more tenderly, or the sparkling black ones of her rival flashed more briliantly from beneath the long, dark lashes, as Mr. Sunderland's low tones were addressed to the first or the last. Indeed, the diverse feats of diplomacy among both the brighter counstellations of the evening and the lesser lights were not unlike those of the political world. So I amused myself in watching the course of things till my eyes fairly ached with the dazule, and I bettok myself to a few gilded volumes which graced a table, to eath breath a little in my cantral

of the fair rivals as my own, and not a little to their chagrin.

And so, when I had at last established myself in my chamber for the night, it was only to puzzle my brain with vague conjectures as to whether the conduct of my sudden admirer was due to some sudden pique of his own; to a disgust for the vanities of the world, or to my own (possible) charms. It was only a few days after the soires, when, as I sat in our parler, reading the newspaper to my uncle and aunt, we were startled by a loud double-knock at the door. In a few momenta our maid-servant an-

In a few moments our maid-servant an-nounced "Mr. Sunderland!"

nounced "Mr. Sunderland!"

"Ah! my dear Miss Smith, do excuse
ms. Have I too much assurance in hoping
that you still retain the faintest remem-brance of your cavalier of Wednesday

evening ?"

Now I was sure I did not know what to say to all this. So I only assured him to the best of my abilities that I recollected him, and invited him to sit down. I fancied he looked somewhat astonished on being ushered into our plain little parlor, and I am quite sure my uncle and aunt did, as I introduced them.

Mr. Sunderland was exceedingly polite and affable, and conversed in quite a charming manner. Nevertheless, I thought I could see his eye take in the homely details of the room and of my own fost ensemble, and a half-scornful look play about his mouth. However, I didn't care in the least, since I had long ago made up my mind that the fates did not intend I should have a beau, and I had become submissive thereto; so that, if I ever did have any, it was so much clear gain, and if they left, no loss! My uncle and aunt were, apparently, no little amazed, as they seemed slowly to comprehend the idea that the handsome visitor was my own!

me my own!

Mr. Sunderland was literary. "Tennyson was his favorite, and, he suspected, mine also. Did he not discover me looking over a volume of that poet, at Mrs. Burton's" "I had looked into it somewhat. Still I "I had looked into it somewhat. Still I ould not say that Tennyson was my favor-

ite of favorites. I was not particularly fond of that class of writers. I liked those of the Coleridge and Wordsworth stamp better."

Mr. Bunderland bowed. "He admired my taste. Coleridge and Wordsworth were also favorites with him. How did I like Byron?"

vron?"
I "confessed to little admiration for him."
Mr. Sunderland "was not pleased with

Matters now progressed at an astonishing rate. I attended operas, concerts, lectures, and what not, with the attentive and gallant Mr. Sunderland. - A new world was opened

and what not, with the attentive and gallani Mr. Sunderland. A new world was opened before me. Contact with real, active, outward life invigorated me. I saw with my own eves, heard with my own ears, what before I had only read and imagined. Amid all this, had my gallant been a noble, whole-souled man, with thoughts and feelings of his own, I don't know what accident might-have befallen my heart. I wouldn't have been answerable for the consequences.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, which shall I say, dear reader? I he was a mere cypher; so I kept equilibrium, while the devotion of my admirer and the mystery of the whole affair continued to increase. The mow decidedly literary and profound Mr. Sunderland nearly every day honored the little parlor with his presence. He "admired my simple, unostentations mode of life. My plain merino was more beautiful to him than all the gandy trappings of the gay butterflies of fashion!"

At length all this reached its culminating point, and the glorious Mr. Sunderland, in the most approved, romantic, chivalric manner, knell at my feet and told me that his everlasting hoppiness or misery depended on a word fappiness or misery depended on a word fappiness.

everlasting happiness or misery depended on a word from my lips. Well, well, I really had no notion of

Well, well, I really had no notion of coming to all this. So I insisted as best I could, in my practical way, on his taking a more rational view of the matter, and finally sent him away in a most melancholy and inconsolable frame of mind. This, however, was no end to the matter. The fortress of my heart was now immediately besieged, or rather stormed, with numerous beseeching, sentimental, passionate, pink-paper missives. All my philosophy was put to the rout. He seemed to be in earnest—really, desperately in carnost.

world. So I amound myself in watching the course of things till my eyes fairly ached with the dazale, and I bettook myself to a few gilded volumes which graced a table, to catch breath a little in my natural element. I turned over a few leaves, read a few versus of Tennyaco, and raised my head, to encounter—was I waking? had I not slipped into dreamland, amid the bright whirl stream of the present day, had not a circumstance occurred by which the whole mystery was unravelled.

of those large, black eyes of Mr. Susderland fixed admiringly upon me.

Thank fortune, I always had strong nerves, so I did not faint, but hept on the even tenor of my way. I beheld the gentleman turn, seek out and address Mrs. Burton. That hely replied, glanced at me, and in another moment the two had advanced toward the corner where I sat, and "Mr. Susderland," was introduced to "Mise Saisth."

Had the earth opened and swallowed us up, I could not have been more astounded. However, I had little time for conjectures, as the gentleman seemed desirous to enter into immediate conversation.

"An excellent party! Mrs. Burton was a very interesting lady—a superb lady quite intellectual, too! I was an old acquaintance of here, was I not? Was I fond of attending sizees?"

"Was not much in the habit of attending sizees."

"At he supercetted. I was fond of intel."

"At he presented. I was fond of intel."

"We so not much in the habit of attending sizees."

to interpret as you please."

Of course I insisted upon hearing it.

"Well, then, Mr. Sunderland and his friend Edward Ryder were standing a moment together. You were looking over a book at the table, and another young lady at the opposite side was toying with an exquisite little volume. Edward whispered, (looking at the latter fair one,) 'Sunderland, I tell you she would be a fine bird to catch that one over there at the table—an only "Was not much in the name of aircenting assess."

"Ah! he suspected—I was fond of intellectual pursuits! He honored my choice! the did not himself find satisfaction in these light, frivolous amusements. He was most happy to find sympathy in a higher grade of enjoyment, &c."

Strange enough, the gentleman persisted in remaining by my side during the rest of the evening, as much to the astonishment of the fair rivals as my own, and not a little to their chagrin.

ment together. You were looking over a book at the table, and another young lady at the opposite side was toying with an exquisite little volume. Edward whispered, looking at the latter fair one, i 'Sunderland, tell you she would be a fine bird to eatch—that one over there at the table—an only child, and her father was worth forty thousand pounds, they say.' They separated, and I saw Mr. Sunderland's eyes fixed admiringly on—yourself! Is that satisfactory?"

It eacht to have been, and of course I

It ought to have been, and of course I laughed heartily, though I did feel at first a little nettled. However, I found I had gained some experience, besides the fun. So I have relapsed again into an old maid, feeling doubly content with my lot, now that I have had a "lover."

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGE. AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC

(This sorial was commenced in No. 37. Back a here can be obtained from all newelsalers through the United States, or direct from this office.)

CHAPTER XLL INTO THE MAGISTRATE'S EAR.

The inspector at Bow-street was busy when Anthony Colliver and Muriel entered the big bare room where the charges are given in. The window at which he sat was open, and leaning on it, and talking earn-estly to him, was a man with his back to

"It's gospel truth every word of it," they heard him say, "as sure as I stand here."

"It's gospel truth every word of it," they heard him say, "as sure as I stand here."
"And you want a warrant for her arrest?"
"Well, I'd like to have the proof first. I want to overhaul the jewels I told you of—that is, to see 'em. I don't want to lay a finger on 'em—then I should be sure."
"My good fellow, the thing's impossible. You want the magistrates to give you a warrant to see certain things in the possession of a gentleman, who has come by them in a perfectly legitimate way, which articles are the property of another person, to whom the property of another person, to whom you say yourself they honestly belong. The thing won't work. If they were stolen goods, now, you could have our help di-

"Aye, that's just what he said. They an't stolen—they are her own property sure enough. It seems to me as though your darned English laws were made to foil and puzzle people, instead of helping them alone."

amazement.

"Harpington—Colliver—whichever your name may be—it is you, ain't it?" he gasped. "You remember me—Laker?"

"Yes, it's me, and I remember you." Anthony Colliver said. "What do you want here? My name is Colliver. I was only John Harpington at Tampico, where there were some people I did not want to see. I thought you were a fixture in Melbourne."

"So I am. I'm in the old country on business. You can help me."

"Can I."

"Can I."

"Yes."

"How?"

"By identifying her. You know who I

"By identifying her. You know who I mean. She is here in England, and for want of proof I can do nothing. If I take you where you can see her, you can identify her, can't you?"

1 have seen her, my friend, and I knew her at one. As to proving her identity.

have seen ner, my term, and to proving her identity, that's another affair. I do not suppose she's less cunning or less cruel than of yore, and she'll make it a difficult matter.

she'll make it a difficult matter."

Mr. Luker's excitement was increased at this opportune meeting. The inspector, isstening with quick, business cars, took in the whole meaning of the few sentences which passed between the two ment in a moment, and understood that there was something in the attention of the contraction. thing in the strange tale he had heard, after all; but he asked no questions. He knew that he should hear it all by and by, and he

thing as an interest the world.

"I'll speak to you by and by," Anthony Colliver said to Septimus Luker. "I've come here on bitter business myself, and

come here on bitter business myself, and want to get it over."

"Oh, mine can wait," Mr. Luker said.
"Now I see daylight I can be patient. Tell me where to find you when I want you, that's all."

He took the card tendered him with "71 A, Great Coops area," written on it, and with a slight inclination of his head, in acknowl-

"Very well; step in here."

"Your revenge will be full and speedy, Mrs. Onslow," he whispered, as they went in. "That man has come from the other aide of the world to share in it."

"I shall make it so for myself," she said, coldly. "Make haste over the business, please. I want to get home."

Home! She gave a slight shiver as she spoke the world. Where would her home be from henceforth—from the time when the shameful story she had to tell was biamost for the to the world? She was going deliberately of her own act and deed to bring diagrace on all she held most dear, on her own name, on her children's future, yet her mad reverge was too bitter to be stayed. She took the seatthe inspector motioned her to, and faced him with a white, resolute, fixed look which he never forgot to his dying day. She did not speak while Anthony Colliver told his story and made his request for a warrant to search the house watched?" he asked.

"All around, sir, back and front," was his report to the his brother and the reply; and he returned to the drawing-room with a sick feeling of dismay creeping over him.

The inspector referred to a large book at the local search was and to sit another gentleman of the party was not to sit down? You look as if you was extremely garrulous about have him absence. "He wan't fit to go, Mr. Dormer, indeed he wasn't, "he maid. "But he would. He was that determined I couldn't stop him, all tould ave." "He was that determined I couldn't stop him, all rootle to him self. "There's more than this morning's face at the bottom of her very strange manner."

He went out on the balcony, and looked and said, quietly, "It's all right, sir, I'm on duty?" and to his astonishment he saw another emerge from the shadow of some tioned her to, and faced him with a white, resolute, fixed look which he never forgot to a warrant to search the house watched?" he asked.

"All around, sir, back and front," was him reply; and he returned to the drawing-room with a sick feeling of dismay creeping on P' he thought to himself. "There's more than this morning

at Limehouse known as Marling Manor at once.

The inspector referred to a large book at his elbow a good many pages back.

"You made that demand once before, Mr. Colliver," he said, "and were refused."

"I know that. I wasn't able to prove that I was myself. That don't matter now. I have this lady's testimony that my brother, so long missing and advertised for by me, lies hidden there, and I demand that the house shall be searched by the police."

"You had better come across the road, sir," the inspector said, rising. "You too, if you please, madam. This is a serious matter, and the magistrate is sitting now. You will get the warrant from him."

Anthony Colliver offered his arm to Mu-

matter, and the magistrate is sitting now. You will get the warrant from him."

Anthony Colliver offered his arm to Muriel to cross the road; but she shrank from him with a shiver.

"Don't touch me," she said; "don't talk to me! Let me go through what I have sworn to do, and then die!"

She gave a start of horror and alarm when, being shown into the magistrates private room, that gentleman made his appearance in the person of a frequent visitor at her husband's house.

"My dear Mrs. Onslow," he exclaimed, taking her hand, "whatever brings you to Bow-street? No jewels lost, or anything of that sort, I hope?"

"Jewels! No," she replied in a dreamy kind of tone, "not jewels, but everything else. Life, honor, happiness—all gone, all lost to me for ever."

He looked at her with a puzzled face, and then to Anthony Colliver for an explanation.
"She jin't mad." that centleman said in

He looked at her with a puzzled face, and then to Anthony Colliver for an explanation. "She isn't mad," that gentleman said, in explanation; "at least, I think not. The tale she told me was straightforward enough, and she gave me proof of the truth of it." "Something that needs my interference? If not, I had better send Mrs. Onslow home. My carriage is at the door, and she looks tory ill."

My carriage is at the door, and she looks very ill."

"Hear what she has to say first, if you please, sir, then send her home if you will. As for me, I want a warrant to search Marling Manor at once."

"It's the same party that applied for it before, sir," the inspector said. "It was refused then, because there was a doubt of the gentleman's identity."

"And is the identity proved now?"

"No sir; the affair has taken quite a different turn. The gentleman says he is sure of finding what he wants there now, and the lady save..."

of inding what he wants there now, and the iady says —"

"Let the lady tell me her story," the magistrate said; and the inspector withdrew. "Now, Mrs. Onslow, what is all this mighty matter? Is it so important that you were obliged to make a journey to this unsavory place to tell it?"

But he could provoke no answering smile on Muriel's face.

"I have told Mr. Colliver where to find his brother," she said, in a parredlike tone.

his brother," she said, in a parrotlike tone, as though she were repeating a task. "I wish to repeat my statement here, if you

please."
You know where the missing man is con-

"I do."
"Tell me, please."
"At the bottom of a deep well in a small room at the back of the Manor," she said, in the same cold, hard way.
"Good heavens, my dear lady, do you know what you are saying?" the magistrate taked in adonations.

"Perfectly."
"You say that the missing man, Jabez Colliver, lies at the bottom of a well in his

"I did not say murdered—I said he was nere. You must find out the rest for your-

Well, placed there, we will say, and by

your husband?"

"By my husband, Jasper Onslow."

"You will swear to this?"

"I will."

"Were you present?"

"I was not. Is that all you want to ask me? Can I go now?"

"I hardly know what to do, Mrs. Onslow. You have placed yourself in a very grave position by what you have told me. If your story be true, you are your husband's accomplice and——"

"I was not. Is that all you want to ask me to yet," she replied, in the same curious tone, which made the guests gather round her in concern. "I am only waiting, "Waiting for what, dear?" he asked, and she put up her hand with a listening gesture.

"For that" here is a listening gesture.

plice and ____ You have but to search to find the truth. There is no 'if' in the matter."

The magistrate scribbled a few directions on a sheet of paper, and touched a call bell that stood upon his table.

at once."

And the man, with a puzzled look at Muriel's white face, bowed and withdrew.

"Mad she must be," he said to himself,
"or she couldn't do it. I hope she is mad, and that it's all a cock and bull story, from beginning to end."

He wasn't a hardhearted man by any means and it seemed a terrible thing to

means, and it seemed a terrible thing to him, who had a sonsy, well-doing wife and half a dozen boisterous, loving children at

him, who had a sonsy, well-doing wife and half a dosen boisterous, loving children at home, to go and put spies upon a husband at a wife's instigation; yet so it was. Japer Onslow's house was to be watched and guarded, and word sent to the office of all its owner's movements, until the search at the Manor should prove the truth or faisity of Muriel's strange story.

And she went home with the dreadful knowledge of the future in her heart, to dress herself in a gleaming blue satin dress, with rare lace, and to put glittering gems on her neck and arma, and to talk, and laugh, and/sing with and to her guests, till Jaaper wondered at her, and felt thankful in his heart that her resentment had taken this defant form, instead of, as he phrased it, sulks and tears. She would not let him come near her all the evening, avoiding him whenever he approached her, and keeping up such an incessant fire of chat with everybody else when she was not at the piano, that he could not get a word with her at all. Once only did he speak to her during the time.

"You have forgiven me, Muriel, have edgement of Muriel's presence, went away.

"Now then, if you please," the impoctor said; "what's your business?"

"It is private," Mr. Colliver replied, with a glance at the open door and the policeman in attendance.

"Very business of the speak to her during the time.

"You have forgiven me, Muriel, have you not?" he asked.

ing over him.

He said nothing of what he had seen but another gentleman of the party was no so reticent "I say, Onslow," he said, "are there any

"I say, Onslow," he said, "are there any suspicious characters amongst us?"

"I hope not. Why?"

"Because it seems to me there's a cordon of police round the house. They're evidently watching something, and I think it's your front and back doors."

CHAPTER XLII. WHAT THE BOAT-HOOK BROUGHT UP.

One wee doth tread upon another's heels, Bu fast they follow. Shakespears Jasper Onslow laughed a nervous, une-qual little laugh, and Muriel turned round from the piano with a face that was terrible to see in the contending emotions that were passing over it.

He went up to Muriel, who he saw was He went up to Muriel, who he saw was listening intently to every outside sound, and bent over her as she played. The remark had passed by without further notice, and the conversation had become general, but he saw that the attention of their hostess had been thoroughly diverted from all that was going on in-doors.

"Is the end coming?" he thought. "I must help her if it is."

What the "end" of which he thought was he alone knew. But his face was very grave as he stood beside Muriel, and slightly bent over her so that his words might not be heard.

"Mrs. Onslow," he said.
"Well?"
"Let me speak a word to you."

"Let me speak a word to you."

"Speak on."

The beautiful head, with its coronet of golden hair, never stirred, the face never turned a hair's breadth towards him, as she newered.
The white fingers went wandering aim-

answered.

The white fingers went wandering aimlessly over the keys, and something in their nervous, restless twitching as they moved, made him feel inexpressibly uncomfortable, he scarce knew why.

"I think you are in great trouble?"

"Why?"

"I can read it in your face. I saw it but now when that remark about the police was made to your husband. I don't want to be intrusive, or to ask questions when I should not, but will you let me help you or Jasper in any way? If it is anything that you can tell me, do, and let me stand between you and harm, if I can do it."

She turned round and faced him now, but not with her eyes; they went wandering anywhere, everywhere, but to his face, and the gem-bedecked hands still twitched and plucked with the discomfort he had just noticed.

"In trouble" the raid with lanch that

"In trouble!" she said, with a laugh that had a grim sound in it. "What should I be in trouble about? Does all this look like trouble?" she asked, with a motion of like trouble?" she asked, with a motion of her hand which took in all the room, the lights, the luxuries, the guests. "What should trouble me? The police that you talked about just now? I am not afraid of them—ha! ha! ha! Watching this house! The notion is a very funny one, is it not, Mr. Dormer?"

solution by what you have both the. If your through the house, and the matter."

"If my story be true? You have but to earch to find the truth. There is no 'if' in the matter."

The magistrate scribbled a few directions in a sheet of paper, and touched a call bell hat stood upon his table.

"Attend to that, inspector," he said, "and to once."

And the man, with a puzzled look at Mu-

down in their midst, her fair face distorted, and her hands plucking and tearing at the hair which had fallen from its fastenings and hung round her like a veil.

The arrival was no one particular; only another guest or two, who had come in rather noisily, and who had departed with all speed when they had heard what had happened.

all speed when they had heard what had happened.

They bore Muriel to her room, and sent for the nearest doctor, and Jasper sat by her with a face as white as the pillow on which she lay, wondering what it might all mean, and what Muriel had been doing. For that she had done something towards the revenge she spoke of he was sure.

The visitors could do nothing but express their sorrow and depart, Ernest Dormer alone staying to hear the verdict of the hastily-summoned doctors.

"The illness was not bodily, but mental," was the opinion they came to. "Mrs. Onslow must have had a great shock, or been in much distress of mind, to produce such an effect."

Jasper admitted, with many a twinge of

effect."

Jasper admitted, with many a twinge of conscience, that Muriel had been a great deal worried, but not in the way to drive her into incipient brain fever, which her illness appeared to be.

Before morning she was in a high fever, raving of willa, and murders, and police-courts, and then pitifully asking Jasper to forgive her, and offering her hair as payment for his release from prison.

Ernest Dormer began to suspect what it

"You have forgiven me, Muriel, have you not?" he asked.

"Forgiven?" she said. "Oh, yes. You and Miss Carlyon will soon know how. I ver. That gentleman was not at home, and

"A woman?"

"So I understood, sir. Will you please to sit down? You look as if you was tired."

"No, I am not tired, thank you."

"You are dreadfully pale then, sir."
"Am I? Where did you say Mr. Colli-

"Am 1? Where did you say Mr. Colliver had gone?"

"To Limehouse, sir. To the place where his brother used to live."

"Thank you. I'll see him when he comes back," Ernest Dormer said, staggering away from the door, feeling like a man who has had a crushing blow. "And Mrs. Onslow was no one knows where all the morning. Can she be the woman who has given the clue, and does the old manor house down there cover such a horrible secret? Great heaven! it is sickening to think of such a thing."

of such a thing."

He had hit the truth; and while the po-

He had hit the truth; and while the po-lice were watching Jasper Onslow's house, and Muriel was raving on a bed of fever, Anthony Celliver was commencing his search in the old manor. The superintendent at the Limehouse station was inclined to pooh-pooh the whole affair, notwithstanding the Bow-street war-rant.

rant.

"The old man went away," he said, while he prepared to go with the searchers.

"That's certain to begin with."

"Not so certain," Anthony said, quietly.

"My dear sir, he was seen and spoken to

oy more than one person."
"Then he came back, or my informant is mad; one or the other. Are you ready and prepared for what you have to do?"

"Yes, sir."
The officials were rather sulky. They
did not believe the story, and looked upon
Anthony Colliver as a tiresome old med-Anthony Conver as a grim, desolate-looking place now, with its broken windows boarded up, and its neglected forecourt wilder than ever. A crowd of eager boys and idlers collected when they saw what was going on, and it required the assistance of extra men from the police-office to keep them back while the necessary steps were taken to get an entrance.

an entrance.

The keys had not been demanded from Jasper Onslow.

Armed with the law's authority, Mr. Anthony Colliver might break in if he chose; and a side window, less heavily barred than most of the others, was chosen as the means

anu a most of the others, was consoned in front of entrance.

The slightest of the party squeezed in the slightest of the party squeezed in the slightest of the creaking front the creaking front in the creaking front in

The slightest of the party squeezed in through the small sperture, for it was a little window, and then opened the creaking front door to his companions and the fresh air, which seemed to have some difficulty in getting in, so foul and heavy was the atmosphere it encountered.

"Into the room where the well is," Anthony Colliver said, hoarsely. "It is there I shall find my brother."

None of them knew the house very well, for old Jabes had been very uncommunicative, and admitted no one into his place beyond the shop and a room upstairs. "The room with the well" was a terru integnits to the good folks of Limehouse.

"Behind the shop," Anthony said. "My directions were precise."

be in trouble?" she saked, with a motion of her hand which took in all the room, the lights, the luxuries, the guests. "What should trouble me? The potice that you talked about just now? I am not afraid of them—ha! ha! ha! Watching this house! The notion is a very funny one, is it not, Mr. Iormer?"

Again she laughed—a wild, discordant laugh, that made every one in the room turn and look at her, and her husband come hastily to her side, alarmed at her wild look.

"Muriel, my dear, are you ill?" he asked, in poncern.

All? No! Why should I be ill? I am quite well. This is the last night of it all, you know. Why should we not enjoy ourselves, you and I?"

"My dear Muriel, hush! What are you talking about? Let me take you to your room for half an hour. You are ill—I can see it."

"Not yet," she replied, in the same curious tone, which made the guests gather on the property of the same curious tone, which made the guests gather one half an hour. You are ill—I can see it."

"There's the well, safe enough," the inspector said, "and a queer looking place it is. Bear a hand here, please."

spector said, "and a queer looking place it is. Bear a hand here, please."

They pushed back the heavy lid, and retreated as far as they could, nearly knocked down by the smell that arose from the dark space beneath it.

"No one can go down there, sir," the officer said to Anthony Colliver. "It would be as much as a man's life was worth to try such a thing."

"I must have it searched. Money is no object so I find my brother. The man who

such a thing."

"I must have it searched. Money is no object so I find my brother. The man who will go down shall be a made man for the reat of his life," Anthony Colliver answered, excitedly. "The search must be made."

"We'll do all we can, sir," one of the men replied; "but I don't think there'd be a long life to provide for if any one went down. It wouldn't cost you much. We'll try a candle first, and if it's safe some one will go, never von fear."

But the candle flickered and burnt itself out in a dull, blue flame within a very few feet of the surface. Another and another followed, till the anxious esercher was fain to admit that it would be fatal to any one who attempted it. A boathook and a coil of stout rope offered the best substitute that could be had, and they made a temporary windlass with a long roller which they found in the musty cellar of the Manor House, and let down the rope over it.

Down it went, a fearful depth, now knock-

Down it went, a fearful depth, now knocking against the sides of the well, now entching in small obstacles as it struck, till presently the man lowering it said that the boathook had reached the bottom. Then a catch something which tore away as they pulled, and it was some time before, with all their care, they could get a firm hold of whatever the object was which lay there.

But they did get hold at last, and the rope strained and cracked under the weight of something which hung at the end of it. It was a moment of breathless suspense. It seemed as though the rope must give way, and the inert weight at the end fall back juto the depths from which it was being drawn.

But no such catastrophe happened. The rope held together, the book kept its firm grip, and the burden it held came slowly to the top, to be seized by loathing hands, and

looked at with half-averted eyes a heap of tattered, mildewed clothing, a leathorn belt into which the hook had etuck, and a hideous mass of corruption and decay which had once been Jaber Colliver, but which was now only a terrible thing, to be covered from the sight of all, and buried with all haste, lest the living might affer from the contamination of the dead.

(To be continued in our next.)

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Some of the residents in the city of New York may yet remember those days of private and public agony, in October, 1854, when the Collins' steamship Arctic was overdue and supposed to be lost at sea. The Collins' research to the delivery of the mails almost to an hour; and when day after day sped by and neither the vessel nor any tidings of her came to hand, the gloom became deeper and deeper. Strange to relate, one of the most desponding was Mr. E. K. Collins, the manager of the line, and the person after whom it was named. The crowds who flocked to the office to question him, and who naturally expected to see him full of hope, found him pale, dispirited, and often in tears. His wife and two children were on board; but it was thought that his confidence in the staunchness of his vessels, and the seamanship of those in charge of them, would make him treat the matter in a totally different spirit from what he did. Much surprise was expressed; but the actual reason for his great depression was at that time known only to a few of his relatives and most intimate friends. It arose, in truth, from a dream, which left an impression beyond his power to overcome, and which in the end was verified in every particular.

A number of the directors and various

which in the end was verified in every particular.

A number of the directors and various merchants were assembled in the private office of the company on a Monday afternoon. The vessel was then some two days overdus, having been expected on the previous Saturday evening. At the time, Mr. Collins lived at a magnificent residence in town over Sunday, to receive his family on the arrival of the steamer. He spent Saturday night at the house of his brother, and on Sunday morning came down to the breakfast-table looking so haggard that it attracted attention. When spoken to about it, he frankly stated that he had passed a restless night, broken by a dream that the Arctic was lost. The matter was laughed at by the brother: but when Monday morning came without the vessel having been reported, Mr. Collins again spoke of his dream. During Monday he related it to several others, and at the hour of the assemblage in the private office it was told over again—with an injunction of secresy, however, which prevented it from reaching the public. As one after another came into the office, they were painfully impressed with the gloom which was pictured in the face of Mr. Collins. A fine man, of erect stature, and marked dignity of manners, he did not look like a person who would give way to any useless fears on any occasion. But he was far more quiet than usual; he seemed to shrink away from those in conversation, and his face was of a death-like paleness.

"What's the matter with Collins?" asked one and another, in whispers.

"Remember his wife and children are on board the Arctic," observed some one, in reply.

"Yes," responded another, "but there is a staugh." A number of the directors and various

board the Arcie, "one-rereply.

"Yes," responded another, "but there is
no occasion for alarm. The ship is a staunch
one, and within a few hours at most will, I
think, come gallantly to her wharf."

"Never!" said a deep solemn voice.
All gave a slight start at the tone and
words, and turned in the direction whence
they proceeded. The speaker was Mr. Colling himself.

they proceeded. The speakers in shimself.

"I am satisfied, gentlemen," he remarked,

"I am satisfied, gentlemen, "that the Arc-

"I am satisfied, gentlemen," he remarked, in the same solemn manner, "that the Arctic has gone to the bottom."

"I mpossible?" cried all.

"I am quite astonished at that opiniou," said Mr. James Brown, a leading director.

"No one knows better than you do, Mr. Collins, the superior construction of the ships of our line, and the qualifications of the chief officer and crew in charge of the Arctic."

"Any vessel may be lost," said Mr. Col-ins; "and while I am satisfied that as di-irectors and public aservants we have done all that human beings could do in such a matter, still I believe the Arctic to be lost. May Heaven have protected those on loard?"

Here his voice failed him, and his eyes were suffused with tears. With his thoughts far out on the broad, dangerous ocean, he had seen the faces of his wife and children among those helpless ones, and for the moment he could say no more.

The scene was affecting in the extreme, and perhaps never had its equal in any counting-room in the world. For some time there was an entire silence, and then

time there was an entire silence, and then Mr. Brown remarked, "Mr. Collins, you must have some reason for your opinion." "None in the world," returned Mr. Col-

line, "except a dream."
"A dream!" repeated one and another in

All sneered, and some almost laughed

aloud.

"Gentlemen, said Mr. Collins with a dignity which was peculiarly impressive in
him—"gentlemen, you no doubt regard this
as a great weakness. Perhaps it is. Dreams
are generally looked upon as foolish things;
but I have had one under such circumstances that it has become to me a presentiment of evil to this ship, which no power on
earth can remove."

ment of evil to this ship, which no power on earth can remove."

Every person there listened with his cars wide open, and looked full in the face of the usually strong-minded man, who spoke these words so seriously and impressively.

"Last Saturday night," continued Mr. Collins, "I dreamed of the Arctic. I saw her as perfectly before me as I ever saw her. It was her graceful model, her spacious deck, and her noble officers and crew—I saw all of this, and more. I saw a hole in her side; there was a panic on her decks; people were running hither and thither, and crying to be saved; and, gentlemen, I saw that noble ship go down?"

"But all this was a dream," said Mr. Brown, after a moment.

"I helices it a reality" replied Mr.

"But all this was a dream," said Mr. Brown, after a moment.

"I believe it a reality," replied Mr. Collins; "and again I say may Heaven have protected those poor souls on board. However, I beg that neither my dream nor convictions may reach the public."

Soon after, the merchants went their several ways. Not one of them could shake off the impression made by what had occurred. Meanwhile, the newspapers endeavored to sustain public confidence by all kinds of plausible stories. Three days later, the first of the survivors reached American shores with the harrowing tale of disaster by collision to the Arctic, and of the low of most of those on board. When all the facts became known, they were exact in every particular with Mr. Collins' dream, and it may be properly regarded as one of the most striking and remarkable that ever occurred.

ON THE CONTRARY-Riding a mule. BURBOW REPRESENTATIVES-Rabbits. THE PLACE FOR A PICKIC-The Sand-

CLERICAL ERBORS - Three-quarters-of-

WHY is grass like a pen-knife? Because the spring brings out the blades.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY has been some at last; Madame Toussaud did it.

JONES says that why he isn't married is secause that when he wooed she wouldn't. A GEORGIA paper promises to publish a "thrilling cereal." Its readers will proba-bly make an oat of it.

"Where do wicked little boys go to who fish on Sunday?" asked a teacher in a Sunday-school. "Down to Culiom's Raffle," was the prompt reply.

was the prompt reply.

"I CAN'T bear," said Sidney Smith, "to be imprisoned in the true orthodox way in my pulpit, with my head just peeping above the desk. I like to look down upon my congregation—to fire into them. The common people say I am a 'bould preacher,' for I like to have my arms free, and to thump the pulpit. A singular contretemps happened to me once, when, to effect this, I had ordered the clerk to pile up some hassocks for me to stand dh. My text was, 'We are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.' I had scarcely uttered these words, and was preparing to illustrate them, when atroyed.' I had scarcely uttered these words, and was preparing to illustrate them, when I did so practically, and in a way I had not at all anticipated. My fabric of hase-ocks suddenly gave way; down I fell, and with difficulty prevented myself from being precipitated into the arms of my congregation, who, I must say, behaved very well, and recovered their gravity sooner than I could have expected."

have expected."

The late Shah of Persia was more anxious than able to acquire the fame of a poet. He had just completed a new performance in very "peculiar metre," and summoned the Court Poet into the royal presence to hear the poem read. The Laureate was either an unusually conscientious courtier or he was afraid of losing his berth if his master took to rhynning on his own account; so, when his opinion was asked, he condemned the composition. The Shah, enraged at the uncourtly criticism, gave orders that the Court Poet should be taken to the stable, and tied up in the same stall with a doukey. Here the poor sinner remained until his royal rival had perpetrated another poem, when he was commanded to pass judgment upon the second poem. He listened in silence to the reading, and at the conclusion, his opinion being requested, he fell upon his knees, and significantly exclaimed to the royal author, "Send me back to the donkey."

Rounson's wife having gone to the

author, "Send me back to the donkey!"

Robinson's wife having gone to the country, R. writes an old college friend, named Polley, to come and have a good time. Arrangements scarcely made, when a note arrives from wife's uncle, who is rich, old, and a bachelor, to say he is on his way to put up with them for a bit. Plans thus frustrated, Robinson sits down and hurriedly writes three postal cards, namely:

No. 1, (to his uncle.)—Dear old boy, delighted to see you. Don't fail to come!

No. 2, (to his wife.)—My dear angel, that confounded old bore of an uncle of yours coming to stay. Hurry home.

No. 3, (to his friend.)—My dearest Polley, no go this time. Wife coming home. Better luck next time. Nil desperandams. Ever yours. R.

In his haste and irritation he turned the cards over on his blotter, and directed No. 1 to Polley, No. 2 to the uncle, and No. 3 to his wife. Slow curtain on very awkward tableau.

tableau.

LOVE PUT TO FLIGHT.—A few days ago a young couple were "sighing for the knot there's no untying." They had known each other long, and thought they knew each other well.

other well.

One evening the gallant called upon his future bride. He had passed the previous night with a party of bachelor friends, and didn't "go home till morning." As a consequence, not even the bright eyes of his dulcines could drive sleep from his eyelids. He reclined upon the sofa, and suddenly dropped into the land of dreams. Heavy breathing was followed by a slight snore, which developed into a snort, which caused the house to tremble. There was as little variation in the nasal music as in the puffing of a high-pressure steamer.

variation in the masal music as in the puf-fing of a high-pressure steamer.

The young lady began to think of the future; then wept. She shook her sleeping lover, but he snored with renewed vigor. At last she was furious, and scizing his hair, gave it a jerk that brought him to his

ASHLEY. BY W. B. WILLIAMS.

What the sun is to the earth, Douglass What the sun is to the earth, Isogiass Welch was to me; and no night was ever so dark and gloomy as was my life when I shut his face away. Stern, reserved, and even harsh as he sometimes seemed to others, he was the soul of gentleness to me, loving me with the whole of his strong, manly heart, and caring for me with the most devoted tenderness.

voted tenderness.

Nothing is so sweet to a lonely woman as to feel herself beloved like this; and noth-Nothing is so sweet to a lonely woman as to feel hervelf beloved like this; and nothing would have been so sweet to me as to have looked into his pleading eves, and said, "Yes, I will be your wife;"—but too well I knew that such words, if they ever came from my lips, must not be said to such as he. Our positions were too far apart, and our stations were too separate, to be ever bridged by human love; and I knew long before he asked me to be his, that, when the question did come, we must meet no more.

It would have been uspless for me to have tried not to love him. I did not try. All was his that my poor heart had to give. I suppose he knew it. It was little matter if he did, since he also knew that my pride was equal to my love, and that I could no more be moved from my purpose, to never call him mine, than the hills could be moved from their places upon the unyielding earth. "But I am certain you love me, Lizzie," he said, calmly, after I had told him of my determination.

"But a me certain that Labell leave you."

"Be just as certain that I shall leave you,"

I answered.
"You are strong, I know; but, after all, you are human, and must have love."
"I have had it," I replied, unflinchingly; "and I can now give it up, when I know

that I must."
"You will not take it always?"
His tones were tender and be-seeching;
so tender that it was worse than death for me
to turn away, and never listen to his dear

oice again. He saw that I wavered, and he was quick to improve it.
"I have been kind to you, Lizzie."

He saw that I wavered, and he was quick to improve it.

"I have been kind to you, Lizzie."

What a temptation it was.
"And I have a pleasant home awaiting you," he went on, more cheerfully. "We should be so happy?"

I felt the color die out of my cheeks and lips, but answered, steadily: "Nevertheless, I cannot be yours. The world shall never throw contempt upon you for my sake."

I have an indistinct remembrance of our parting; but I was myself in a few hours afterwards, and then I hastily made arrangements to leave the place.

Away, away from Douglass Welch. That would be my only salvation. If half the world lay out between us, all the better for both. But how dreary the world looked to me, after all. It is such a weary thing for a woman to face the world alone. It is so much easier to shut one's eyes, and slip out of life, and be done forever with all its aches and pains!

I went to Ashwood as governess.

A year I had been there, I think, when Mrs. Parkes's sister Gertrude came down to spend the holidays. She was a handsome woman, stately as a queen; and yet, with all her stateliness, she was gentle and kind as any angel could be. For a wonder, I liked her. She talked to me as friend speaks to friend, and seemed entirely to ignore the fact that I was not her acknowledged equal. She was to be married, the ensuing spring, so she told me; and I remembered how lustrous her eyes grew as she spoke of it. I thought then how happy the man must be who had won her heart.

There were to be many guests on Christness eve, and then Gertrude's lover was coming. I did not care about going down among the crowd, but Mrs. Parkes insisted upon it, and Gertrude laughingly said that she would not allow me to see her lover, if I did not; so at last I consented to take my share in the gaieties.

Towards the middle of the evening, and when the rooms were getting crowded. Law

I did not; so at last I consented to take my share in the gaieties.

Towards the middle of the evening, and when the rooms were getting crowded, I saw Gertrude enter the door, leaning upon a gentleman's arm. I knew it was her lover, but until that moment, heaven help me! I did not know that her lover was Douglass Walsh. Welch.

I did not know that her lover was Douglass Welch.

The room grew dark before me, and I think I should have given way had got Mrs. Parkes called me to my senses by coming up at that instant, and asking me to plav.

I did not wait for a second bidding. Perhaps, after all, I had been deceived. It might not be Douglass Welch. I could not think that it could be; it was such a cruel thing to believe! I dared not take another look; but, crossing the room quickly, I sat down at the piano, and took up some music. Something I played—I never could tell what—until I heard Gertrude's voice close beside me.

beside me.
"Let some one take your place," she said,

"Let some one take your place,
"Douglass has come."
I could have struck the smiling woman
as she whispered the name in my ear. Her
Douglass! I rose,
"This is Mr. Welch—"

"What's the matter, my—"
"Matter enough," she replied. "I shall die an old maid before I marry a man that snores. Good night!"
She left the parlor—he the house. The young lady could not keep the secret, and the reason why the match was broken off is now generally known among their circle of friends.

"This is Mr. Welch—"
She began a formal introduction, but he interrupted her.

"Elizabeth!" he gasped out.
I had had time to collect myself a little, and therefore had the advantage of him. I knew my face was white—Gertrude must see that—but my voice was steady and clear as I looked up, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Welch."

Then, turning to Gertrude. I added "Mr.

Doing A Dun.—"I have a small bill against you," said a pertinacious-looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

"Yes, sir, a very fine day, indeed," was the reply.

"I am not speaking of the weather, but your bill," replied the collector, in a loud key.

"It would be better if we had a little rain."

Then, turning to Gertrude, I added, "Mr. Welch and I have met before."

She was too proud and kind to notice our confusion, singular as it must have seemed to ther, and said, at once, "I am so glad you are acquainted. It will be very pleasant for us."

I doubted it somewhat, but said nothing in reply. She introduced him to others standing near, and I turned again to the piano. I watched him the rest of the evening, but without seeming to Gertrude, I added, "Mr. Welch and I have met before."

She was too proud and kind to notice our confusion, singular as it must have seemed to refuse. I doubted it somewhat, but said nothing in reply. She introduced him to others standing near, and I turned again to the piano. I watched him the rest of the evening, but without seeming to some the properties of the seemed to not changed. The properties of the seemed to not confusion, singular as it must have seemed to refuse. It will be very pleasant for us."

it beside me.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"What should I mean?" I retorted.

"I don't think either of us know quite what we are talking of. First, how long have you been here?"

"A year."

"Of course not."

"You are not yet tired of your life?"
"Hush!," I had risen from my chair.
"I will not hear such words."
He took my arm roughly.
"You shall hear them. Sit down."
He was not in a mood to be trifled with.
Neither was I.
"If you detain me against my will, you are no lentleman."
"Gentleman or no gentleman, you will remain; and, as sure as heaven, you shall be my promised wife before either of us go out of yonder door!"
I laughed in his face.
"I am not a Mormon yet."
His eyes flashed. His eyes flashed.

"I am not a Mormon yet."
His eyes flashed.
"Be wary of your words."
"Then, if you like it better, I am not in the habit of promising to marry a man who already has another betrothed to him."
He grasped my arm again.
"It is false!"
"You are bound to Gertrude Heath."
"Is that what you mean?" a sudden recognition of the truth coming to him.
"My brother is engaged to her; not I."
He gathered me in his arms, without another word; and I was only too glad to throw down all my pride and all my fears, and give him the required promise.
That morning Gertrude's real lover arrived, the mistake was explained, and Douglass presented to them his promised wife.
When the next springtime came, there was a double wedding at Ashley, and Gertrude and I have for many years spent the holidays at the dear old place.

THE INVENTOR OF THE JAC-

QUARD LOOM. Jacquard was a straw manufacturer in the city of Lyons; he was a poor man, and he had received little or no instruction. During the war with England, an article appeared in the French Moniteur, which stated that a person in England had offered a harge sum of money to any man who could produce a machine by which a net could be made. This set him to work, and he did get over the great difficulty of producing a machine by which a knot could be tied. The thing was forgotten, till, by some accident, this net was given to the great Emperor Napoleon, and he was told that a poor man on the banks of the Rhone had solved a very great and difficult problem. Jacquard, in great poverty, one day, and scarcely knowing how to exist, was surprised by the visit of a sergeant of gendarmes, who

by the visit of a sergeant of genderma, who knocked at the door. He came down stairs, and the sergeant said, "I have orders to take you to Paris."

"Who has sent for me at Paris?" he

"No, you have a the sergeant.

And he was taken to the Palace of the Tufferies, and instantly introduced to two persons—no less distinguished than Napoleon Honaparte and his great minister,

Carnot.

Napoleon said: "They tell me you say you can tie a knot in a straight string (for that is the art of knitting by a piece of machinery. I don't believe you; and in order to try you, I will have you locked up in an apartment, and supplied with materials upon which to work, and everything you require to make your machine."

in an apartment, and supplied with materials upon which to work, and everything you require to make your machine."

Well, Jacquard sot to work so locked up, and constructed a machine; was covered with honor, continued to direct his attention to mechanical art, and afterwards produced that machine which bears his name, and, which, by merely throwing the shuttle across the warp, produced a revolution in French manufacture; thrice the people of the city of Lyons rose upon Jacquard; twice they attempted to drown him in the Khone. He withdrew himself from the world for many years, still attempting to be the benefactor of his native land.

Opinion changed, however, and before he didd he was the recipient of a liberal pension, not only from the city of Lyons, but from the French government. He died upon the property which was conveyed to him, the grateful gift of the people he had honored and clevated; and when he was carried to his tomb, the city of Lyons declared that his portrait should be painted and hune in the School of Arts of the city of Lyons declared that his portrait should be painted and hune in the School of Arts.

and hung in the School of Arts.

NATURAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY.

In past times, when books were scarce, and pictures, though called "the books of the simple," were still more inaccessible, our forefathers, curiously and cleverly, drew popular illustrations of history from nature. They found, here and there, among Nature's works, certain marks and features, which they applied to the embellishment of legends and facts familiar to their minds. As this sort of old-fashioned lip-lore is not likely to be preserved unless some care is taken of it, we have strung a few of these natural symbols together, for the sake of their curiosity. In past times, when books were scarce

"I am not speaking of the weather, but your bill," replied the collector, in a loud key.

"It would be better if we had a little rain."

"Confound the rain," continued the collector, and, raising his voice, added, "have you the money to pay this bill?"

"Beg your pardon, I'm hard of hearing. I'm collector for the Daily Estinguisher newspaper, sir, and I have a bill against you, "persisted the collector, at the top of his voice, producing the bill, and thrusting it in the face of his debtor.

"I'm collector for the Daily Estinguisher newspaper, sir, and I have a bill against you," persisted the collector, at the top of his voice, producing the bill, and thrusting it in the face of his debtor.

"I'm collector for the Daily Estinguisher newspaper, sir, and I have a bill against you," persisted the collector, at the top of his voice, producing the bill, and thrusting it in the face of his debtor.

"I've determined to endorse bills for no one; you may put the bill back into your pocket-book, I really can't endorse it."

"Confound your endorsement! Will you pay it?"

"You'll new it no deathst air but there's a word of the same and as proud as ever, and he seemed, thou as a sent as to the had not changed. His face was a handsome suffering to the seemed, the seemed, the throught centuries of days, are tokens of the through centuries of days, are tokens of the through centuries of they round may have the back of the haddock, near the pinne, I wait to the seemed, I thought, a little less reserved than usual to the company.

Once only our eyes met. I could have this per a the top of the spine. The story again with should escape me. That he was also suffering, I well some people accordingly look on it with a degree of awe. The stripe is simply one of the suffering to the seemed. The stripe is simply one of the seemed of the looker is a formation representing the proper of the suffering The night that followed was a long one to me. As soon as the faintest indications of dawn began to appear, I dressed hurriedly, and went down into the library. A dim light was burning; and in a large chair before the fire, his face buried in his hands sat Douglass Welch. I had quite crossed the room before I saw him; then I turned quickly, and was hastening back, when he sprang up, rushed past me, slammed to the door before me, and stood against it.

"So," he said, looking at me steadily with his great wide-open eyes, "so you cannot sleep either!"

"I had better go," I said.

"You are not going now, Lixio," he replied.

"Gertrude?" I cried, wildly. "Oh, think of her. It would kill her to doubt you. Let me out."

He took my hand in his, and forced me into a chair, took another, and sat down in it beside me.

"We have a set of the sphyna among flowers, of the sphyna among moths; but the awed kind of interest with which such things were discussed in the days of yore, and the mixture of poetical freedom and practical experience that sought them out, are gone forever.

PECULIAR CHARACTERS.

In our daily pursuits, we at times meet In our daily pursuits, we at times meet with people whose manners or actions, from their adversences to those we are accustomed to, attract our attention. We style them peculiar characters. They are people whose early surroundings, and the events which have transpired in their youth, have stamped on their minds certain impressions, which no power on earth can tear from them. These impressions form a sort of foundation for all their future life: inasmuch as they are the basis on which all of

from them. These impressions form a sort of foundation for all their future life: inasmuch as they are the basis on which all of men's actions, good or bad, rise to produce their destiny. As it takes "all kinds of men" to make a world, the peculiarities by which a great many people distinguish themselves are very manerous. To better inderstand them, they may be divided into two classes—namely, the peculiarities of nature and of habit.

The peculiarities of nature are not derived from early impressions. They are born with us; they grow up with us, and it is very seldom that we can do away with them; and, in instances where it is done, it is only by perseverance. Under this head, rank eloquence, amiability, optimacy, bravery, cowardice, ingenuity, supudity, humor, dullness, de., &c. These natural peculiarities often produce peculiarities in the habits of those invested with them; for the proof of which many cases could be cited wheremen, ignorant of the fact, have displayed amining or annoying habits.

The peculiarities of habits are now be a low

men, ignorant of the fact, have displayed amusing or annoying habits.

The peculiarities of habit are such as Impress themselves on our natures from our constant surroundings. They are those which produce our manners; and to this list may be put the proud, the haughty, the knave, the barbarian, the civil, the polite, the enthusiast, the philosopher, dec, dec. History shows us not a few great characters who were possessed of peculiarities. Taking a brief glance over it, we find Alexander the Great, of Macedonia, cryinsy because he cannot conquer the whole world; Nero, playing unconcernedly on his fiddle, while his beautiful capital is being devoured by flames. There is Louis XVIII, of France, who is disputing the meaning of some Greek proverb, while Napolean is at the gates of Paris, at the instant of driving him (Louis) off his strone. off his throne.

And so it follows that all men's actions

are caused by either the peculiarit their nature or habits.

SISTERS.—There is nothing so beneficially educating to a young man as the companionship of sisters. They laugh him out of those little awkwardnesses of manner, which otherwise might become habitual. They refine him unconsciously in all matters of taste and politeness. They nip the little buds of puppyism, which under other circumstances might flaunt their flowering before less partial eyes. When brahers refuse to accompany their sisters, if order todance attendance upon other young ladies, let them remember who made them presentable and agreeable to "the other young lable and agreeable to "the other young able and agreeable to "the other ladies." It is better to be laughed home than abroad, young man.

Sin Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, "I don't know what I may seem to the world, but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seathore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

As the rose-tree contains the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serens, so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains.

ZEAL is very blind or badly regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.

send you a cut paper pattern of the latest style of sacque, Jacket, walst, or a pattern of anything for ladies' wear. Send stamp for Hyatt's Ludies' Pushees

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROPULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, APPRICTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT

PURIFIRM THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL. Sold by Druggiete. Price \$1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly could, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, tiver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, cervous disease, beadache, constipation, don-tiveness, indignation, dyspepsia, bitioneness, bitions fever, inflamation of the bowels, piles, and all de-rangements of the internal viscors. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Att. For the Best,—When any calamity happens, we often hear people, by way of consoling the aufferers, say, "Moreer mind; don't fret; it's all for the best." It is very good advice, indeed, very judicious, and no doubt kindly meant; but somehow it does not have the effect it is intended to produce. Instead of drying up tears, and bringing a amile to the lips, the mourners seem to think that, if it is the best, it is a great deal too bad, and their grief is aggravated by the reflection that for them a better fate is not forthcoming. Nay, when the people themselves who use the phrase as a baim for the woes of others have it applied to themselves, in their own periods of tromble, it does not bring with it any consolation. They are proved bad mental physicians, by the fact that their own remedies are inefficacious when applied to them.

THE little things which you may do for those about you, will fall back upon your heart as the summer dews fall upon the vineyard. It dries the tears of sorrow and renders earth a paradise where otherwise it would be all gloom.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

A limited number of suitable advisents will be inserted at the following On the Third page, after reading a Seventy-five cents a line; on Seventh Fifty cents a line, agate measurement to be paid in advance.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Prof. FOWLER'S GREAT WORK

On Manhoud, Womenhood, and their Mutan Inter-relations; Love, its Laure, Power, etc.

Agents are osting from \$5 to \$8 copies a day, found for spectment pages and town to Agents, and no why it solds founder than any other boots. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Patients plain, Pa-man 20-16.

\$5 2 \$20 per day at home. Torme From Add. Portland. fel-by

For Marking Lines with Indelible Ink.

The only mean and reliable maning is with one of our experient and warranted and warranted to the control of th offer name-plates. Various styles made to order option to the brush, box, otc. complete. Sent by mail, postage paid, for fore. Circular sent free. Address. The Donal Ruin, Quaher City Stencil Works, No. 306 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

SLATE MANTELS

ESTABLISHED 1868.



20th THOUSAND DI PRESS. GENTS WANTED for the new book,

Kit Carson

A GENTS WANTED everywhere — Our New Cumbi-nation Tool. Can Opener, Knife and Scissors Sharpsor, Glass-cutter and Screederiver. Sample by mail, to etc. Phila Novelly Manuffg Co., 606 Frank-lin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



SEWING MACHINES.

SIMPLE, DURABLE, RELIABLE, LIGHT RUNNING, and EASILY OPERATED.

FALESROOMS 786 Broadway, New York, 730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia \$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted particulars from J. Worth & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BOOSEY'S

Price 25 cents a bux. Sold by Druggiats.

DR. BADWAY & CO., 32 Warren 84.
oct6-4f New York.

Brow, 113 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

GOODRICH'S "SPRING" HEMMERS

Consisting of Four Widths and a Drom Blader. Sent by Hall on Escelpt of Price.

For Sale by all Sawing Machine Agents. | H. C. GOODRICH, (205 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Frien. Only One Dellar. Dellar.

The bright summer sky, and the breeze, wafted by to laden with the fragrance of fruit and flower, make hundrede long for a change for the country, where they can revel in Nature's beauties. Those who travel each year, to whom a visit to the resembore is nothing new, need hardly to be told of the damaging effect of salt, dampair upon an uncuted wardrobe.

change for the country, where they can reved in Mature's beauties. Those who traved each year, to whom a visit to the secondorer is anothing new. med hardly to be told of the damaging effect of each, damp air upon an unanticed warder to the state of the state of the damaging effect of each and the state of the state white striped linen. This, too, had a same collar, worn with a blue and white necktie, with anchors in the ends; and we should mention there were anchors in the corners of the fiannel collar, embroidered in white silk floss. Blue and white striped strockings and low shoes: and a broad-brimmed Leghern hat, bound with blue, with a band and ends of same color, finished with silver anchors—completed one of the prettiest yachting costumes of the season.

GARNADINISS

are being made into evening dresses, always in conjunction with some delicate-tinted silk.

Legher hat the pipings, vest and fichus the pipings the piping

A YARD OF LOVE-RIBBON.

BY ATLINE ABOON.

Two an exquisite memore, Long dwell on and trescured, With the transfer of "lower tibles" With Mary I memored. Her breath may se sweet, And her cheeks like the rooms, He lips like twin posites, Ab, me I and ab, me !

She, though shy and so modest, Her blue sym half hidden. Fut her two little based faste mine, all unbidden. The deliment touch Of her warm, closping fingers, In memory lingues. Ab, me! and sh, me!

out them, and the demand has caused inrentions of peculiar rarity. The prices
range from \$3 to \$150. The latest is the
heavy silk galloon, richly studded with jets,
and finished with jet fringe.

OUR CORRESPONDES.

with the halyards—hoist the peak—belay and make fast! Keep her up, there, at the wheel! How we go?

The schooner seemed to tremble through all her frame, and the foremast best like a bow as the additional nail was spread. The men at the wheal understood what was required of them, and, in spite of the danger, they laid her half a point nearer the wind. The schooner was absolutely flying, and the roar of the breakers grew louder every moment. The moon, bursting suddenly from behind a cloud, revealed their danger. Half a mile in front the water was churned into foam, and under that dashing surge the bones of many a noble schooner had been laid.

COMETS.

spear hat be bound with blue, with a learn of any of the white of the white flowers of the second of the white flowers of the second of the white flowers of the second of the white flowers of pink; another in blue; another in the pink, and the pink and

The critic fedure is edged with law at the control transfer.

A STATE STATE.

A STATE ST

THE DIAMOND ROBBERY.

BY F. A. D.

In March, 1850, there arrived at Consantinople, by the Austrian Lloyd's stemmer "Vorwarta," a nobleman, styling himself Count Steffano Perragi.

He took a suite of rooms at Mesirie's fashionable hotel in Pera; and, by his lavish style of liv.ng, soon became the centre of attraction. He said that he was a Colonel of the Austrian Imperial Guards, and a member of the Diet. He had comment of the Diet. He had come to the different foreign ambaasadors and merchant-princes.

erchant-princes.
A month after his arrival, he headed a A month after his arrival, he headed a subscription list with the sum of five thousand pinastres, in aid "of Madame Sophie Cartenagg, the widow of the late Monsieur Cartenagg, formerly banker of Berlin, who, by the sudden death of her husband, found herself in a strange land; with her three young children, destitute of all support." In some such manner ran the heading of the subscription list.

Count Perragi humanely took upon himself the task of soliciting subscriptions; and, incredible as it may seem, collected the sum of five thousand pounds in about twenty days!

days!
One morning, Perragi suddenly disappeared. Suspicions having arisen, the police authorities were instructed to find out Madame Cartenagg. But, alas for human credulity! the police swore, by the beard of Mohammed, that Madame was a myth, and the Crescent City knew her not! Done, by Jove! Done, to the tune of five thousand pounds! Thus ends the first act in this strange drama.

in the streets, or own in wown places? There is always here for a young man who made any heat where you have a consider a young man who made any heat where you have a property for a young man who server reads at all. By constant reading, on, here become relitivated, and the lower greate of books are gradually abandoned to favor of a higher.

Agr It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our renders. In addition to important and particular information for Sabarribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive, and outsertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our gaseral corre

TO SUBSCRIBERS

##F For terms and civib rates, see page 4.

" In ordering, the name and P. O. address should be clearly written. When a change of direction is lesired, the former as well as the prazent address must be given.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicale are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped Mids. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected Mids. will not be returned, anison by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Contributors are requested to write an only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy in ht.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS

Misse F. E. R. When a lady is making a morning call, and other visitors, strangers to her, are an-nounced, it is not necessary that she should rise from her seat.

her seat.

Note: S

sants are only sorted guins; four magnatus as now was perimenting upon still heavier guan, the 80-ton guins, for the use of her navy. The length of these guins over all is 27 feet, the bore being 28 feet long. The calibre is 12 inches, 14 inches, 15 inches, and 16 inches, respectively. The maximum range at which shells can be thrown is said to be, for the 12-inch, 9,000 yards; 14-inch, 10,000 yards; 15-inch, 10,200 yards; 16-inch, 10,500 yards, or close upon six miles.

16-inch, 10,300 yards, or close upon six miles.

Rabers. "Do you know who was the author of the saying, "Consistency, thou art a fewel?" The source of this common and oft-quoted phrase has puzzied many a scholar, and we know not whether the following authority can be relied upon as the starting point, or as only using a borrowed idea. In a talled, entitled "Jolly Robyn Roughbead," published in 1764, in a ittle volume of English and Scotch ballads, the poet bewaits the extravagance in dress, which he considers the great enormity of his day, and makes Robyn thus address his wife:

"Tuch, test, my Issuice! such thoughts resigne; Comparisons are creed;
Fine pictures out to frames as fine, Consistence's jewell."

Y. M. (Praticallie, Tanas.) To you first to the say the

Fine pictures suit to frames as fine, Consistence's jewell?

Y. M., (Prairieville, Texas.) To your first two questions, as to what it would cost you to learn took-keeping and tolegraphy, and what length of time it would take, we can only any that it is utterly impossible for us to answer such queries. It depends altogether upon yourself; your capacity for learning—your previous education, and the application you give to the study. Your third question is as follows:
"When a bridal couple walk out on the floor, is it proper for her to take his arm, or should they walk cut unarmed (!!)" We do not know exactly what "floor" you refug in; but, whatever it is, the bride should certainly take the groom's arm, and not walk "anarmed," which would never do at all. 4th Your frong and the plank" question is altogether too dreep for us, and we give it up.

"norarmed," which would never do at all. 4th Your "frog and the plant" question is altogether too deep for us, and we give it up.

Iwquinze, "I have been wondering who were the feven fileopers, of whom I have heard the appression, "It would awaken the feven fileopers." As I know you can tell use, if you wish to do so, I come to you." Of course, we are always glad to give all the information in our power. The largest can that seven nation in our power. The largest can that seven nation in our power. The largest can that seven action in our power. The largest can that seven action in our power. The largest can that seven action in our power. The largest can be persecution of the Christians by Bectime, Rosego the persecution of the Christians of the persecution of the satchid. Then it was said these and the season, were taken out and caposed to the uncertainty of the fatchid. Then it was said these holy martyrs were not dead; that they had been hidden in the cavern, where they had fallon asleep, and they at last awoke, very much to the action homest of the specialists.

A Morens. We perfectly agrees with year in all you are years of settion, and that shows hooks make out are yours of settion, and that shows hooks most engite after are not even the best of novels. It is true that the popular take for books is not what it ought to be, and that an immence amount of time is wasted in reading "trushy" books. Granted all this, so call do not allow that, because of this, you are right in do-narring your son from reading works of settion,

becomes cultivated, and the lower grade of books are gradually abundanced in favor of a higher.

W. A. McC., (Williamsport.) An order in produced by the vibrations of the air meeting a hard and regular carface, such as a wall, a rock, or a mountain, and being reflected back to the ear, thus producing the name wall. From his, and meeting the reflected back to the ear, thus producing the name wall from his, and the such a care to each can be beard at ma, or on an attending the because there is no object there is, reflect the sund. An actio can only be heard when a person stands in such a stunction at the one both the original and the reflected sound. 3d. An orlipse of the moon does not have any effect whalever, that we were road of, on the tides. 3d. Animal Magnetism, or Mesmeries, in a supposed influence or emanation by means of which one person can act on another, producing wonderful effects upon his body, and countrilling even his actions and thoughts. It was functed to have some analogy to the magnetism of the loadstone; bence its name. We could not begin to give you any information on this subject in the brief space here its name. We could not begin to give you any information on this subject in the brief space here its name. We could not begin to give you any information on this subject in the brief space here its name. We could not begin to give you any information on this subject in the brief space here its countries.

dis, where you can find the whole matter fully treated.

Cassuc. "What is 'the aword of Dameeties,' and what is the meaning of the phrase !" The origin of the phrase is na follows: About the year 400 B. C., the ancient city of flyracuse was ruled by Bourystus, commonly called "the tyrant," has the directs again, commonly called "the tyrant," has the directs again to the manner in which he ruled. If he was mild and wise in servicing his power, they considered him as no less a tyrant. Among his centries was mild and wise in servicing his power, they considered him as no less a tyrant. Among his centries was a man named Damocles, who faw hed upon Dionysius, and seemed to be infatuated with the grandour and pump of royalty. He was centinually speaking of the happiness which he thought was the constant portion of kings. To undecive him, Donysius prepared a magnificant fleat for him, and sarrounded him with all the innery which a meanarth contain the sum of the language of the content of his pleasure, happening to cast his eyes upward, he was horrifled at the night of a sharp even the comprehended the meaning, which was, that the pation of a sourper was by no means secure, but in continual danger of some imposing calamity.

E. S. D., (Brooklyn.) "I should like to ask you what all this talk about the Tanacit of Venus means; what are to be the ultimate benefits to restly from the American and other Expeditions, which have

whether the the third of the control of the control

Edinutedates, which claimed to be descended from Shields, and of Odia, who was the first who acquired the sovereignty of the whole of Sweden, about the end of the ninth century. Previous to this line, the country was inhabited by numerous tribes, kindred in origin, but politically separate. Two of these were prominent, the Golds in the south, and Sweder in the north. 3d. The French is, we think, the easiest of the modern languages to isara.

GENNER. "Can you tell us what is the range at which shells can be thrown by the big guas, what are called the Woolwich Infanis, which are now being manufactured in England; and are these thanges are cannon England has!" The Woolwich Infanis, which are now being guas, when the south of the same of the country of the Sparians or Lace-semonians. We cannot conjecture of the south of the same of the country of the Sparians or Lace-semonians. We cannot conjecture of a distribution of the south of the same of the country of the Sparians or Lace-semonians. We cannot conjecture of the south of the same of the country of the Sparians or Lace-semonians. We cannot conjecture of the south of the same of the country of the Sparians or Lace-semonians. We cannot conjecture of the subject your refer to. d. A. A knot, in nautical language, is a division of the largest cannon England has!" The Woolwich Infanis are only 36-ton guas, but England; and are these the largest cannon England has!" The Woolwich Infanis are only 36-ton guas, but England; and are these the largest cannon subject your refer to. d. A. A knot, in nautical language, is a division of the seminent of the same of the cave of the same of the same of the cave of the same of the cave, the same of the cave of the same of the same of the cave of th vessel sails in an hour. Hence, when a ship gover eight miles an hour, he is said to go eight knots an hour. 4th. You ask, "In what battle was 'Moily Rath'! the watchword!" The battle of Beaningsly, Vermout, fought August 16, 1777. Colonel John Stark, who commanded the "dreen Mountain" millitis, as soon as the Bring had commenced, threw himself on horseback, and advanced at the head of his troops. At the nearly to columns were sen forming the reduced of the reduced o

MISCELLANEOUS. - C. L. B. There is such an dealer in such curiouties.—J. F. L. It is not proba-ble that at ninetees you will grow any mere, but subody can tell for certain.—Gamman. The prices paid to authors vary, of course, according to the reputation and standing of the authors themselves.— G. F. D. Take piecty of exercise to premote a healthy condition of the blood. It is proper to use neap for the face.—D. T. K. Too much fourthing about your handwriting.